

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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LIFE'S YEAR.

What do the changing seasons bring?
Full of storms will render mute,
And blossoms over-thick for fruit;
Too soft a breeze, too blue a sky,
A day the morrow shall deny;
The fickle, fair, delusive Spring!

What do the flying seasons bring?
The tumult of the thronging sense;
The leaping blood, untamed, intense;
A fire that strikes through heart and brain;
A fierce delight that grows to pain,
And Summer bloom that hides a sting!

What do the passing seasons bring?
Ripe fruit that withers in its prime;
Strong grain that drops at harvest-time;
The splendid colors of decay;
The fever-wasted Autumn day
In its gay mantle shivering!

What do the fleeting seasons bring?
A lifeless desert, pale and vast,
With frozen silence overcast;
Forgotten dreams of long-ago
Buried beneath the Winter snow—
And, far beyond, a hope of Spring!
—Atlantic for November.

A PLEA FOR FALLEN WOMEN.

BY MRS. ELLEN MITCHELL.

Carlyle says: "It is an earnest thing to be alive in this world." For most women it is more than this; it is a tragic thing. How terribly tragic for those women, alive in this world, who commit the deadliest of the seven deadly sins, neither words, nor tears, nor prayers can tell. Before the social complications and fictions which make the sum of human life to-day, we stand appalled and dumb. The grand, fearless, forward march of humanity stands in danger of becoming a stealthy, cowardly crawl, devoid of uprightness altogether. Everywhere tricks are preferred to truths, shams to substance, the utmost husks of things to their utmost essence. Souls go so cheap in our daily market as to give rise to the suspicion of grave deterioration in their quality. The habitations of the soul, neglected and unguarded, go cheaper still, and sin and shame possess them. With the world it is, however, we must deal—the world actual. Though the eyes be uplifted to an ideal world, the hands and feet must work and walk in the real. Our present purpose is to consider the lives and condition of women generally called "fallen women," to see whether any suggestions may be offered in their behalf. These are the women, found in all lands, who gain a subsistence by the sale of themselves, who barter for money their peerless, priceless womanhood, who exchange mercenarily their glory for their shame.

The knowledge of this monstrous fact of human existence serves as a strengthening Samson's pillar in some minds to the doctrine of total depravity. Such consign these women to everlasting damnation, and go their way content. It is wonderful how consoling at times eternal torments can be! Others, constitutionally opposed to endless perdition, believe that the sin is a representative one, born and matured in humanity's breast, offspring of every evil thought and deed conceived and committed by the race. That, while its shape is unlovely and hideous, its speech brutal and blasphemous, its deeds desperate and defiant, its claim on humanity is just as imperative as its own unhappy, misshapen child. So they have studied its sad existence, hoping to find some amelioration for it, some road less cruel for its wayward feet, some path which, though turning upon itself many a bewildering time, should lead at last to the sure haven with the everlasting Father.

From the facts obtained by the patient investigation of these faithful few, let us try to discourse whether as women we are in the leastwise accountable in this matter; whether we may be more helpful and wise in the future than we have been in the past. We find that the ranks of public women are recruited from all ages and conditions, include the educated and the refined, as well as the innocent and

vicious. Following the gay colors and loud music, they enter, as they think, upon a life of freedom and happiness, little dreaming it will prove one of abject slavery and miserable woe. The mistress of the establishment in which they engage themselves charges enormous rates for board, and other necessary expenses, and as they cannot furnish themselves, being without means, she advances an expensive wardrobe. Thus, a debt of \$100 or \$200 is incurred at the commencement, a debt which is worse than Shylock's bond at last, for it takes not only the flesh, but the heart's blood of its victims. By the bondage of this debt, they are wholly in the power of the keeper of the establishment, must surrender themselves at her will, to all comers, at all times, or be turned, destitute, into the street. Horrible fact, to you and me! Believe me, I entreat you, when I say it is horrible also to them. So horrible that they turn to stimulants for defense against their sufferings, seek in liquors and opiates, either reckless, unnatural strength, or a forgetfulness like death.

The life-forces are steadily centralized and the destruction of body and soul begins, to which, sooner or later, all succumb who continue to live in this manner. There is a prevalent impression that these women take up this life preferentially, impelled by gross licentiousness of nature. Good women are prone to believe this. Naturally, then, they feel that between them and their erring sisters is a great gulf fixed. Yet the number who lead this life from sheer grossness is so inconsiderable that the world would be little troubled with the social-evil if it depended on this element for continuance and maintenance. What, then, induces women to adopt it? Poverty is one cause, with its hard, cheerless conditions. "That bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap," drives many a discouraged one into what seems an easier life. Few avenues of employment are open to women, partly because, from lack of opportunity to perfect themselves, the labor of women is not yet skilled like that of men; partly because they are compelled by their necessities and general helplessness to accept small remuneration. Remonstrating one day with the keeper of an establishment in this city, she said to us, "What's the use, as long as men pay reluctantly the smallest wages for the largest day's hard labor, and pay the highest demanded price in these houses, they will be continued." Again, indolent, light-natured, frivolous women readily yield to the alluring prospect of a life of ease which this one apparently offers. But the great majority of these women,—and this fact concerns us all,—are girls who were left at an early age motherless; who drifted about without guidance or purpose in this world of unequal chance for women. Listening to the histories of these, sometimes one fears that the world holds only two classes, the pursuing, and the pursued. Over and over again Mildred's piteous lament is heard. "I had no mother. I was so young. God forgot me and I fell." Of these, great numbers have been infamously betrayed. At an age when they were utterly ignorant of the relations of the sexes, with no foreshadowing of the fatal consequences of such an error, believing and trusting, they have gone to their doom. So unjust is public sentiment in this regard, that the only door which is open to a young girl, deceived and betrayed, is the deep-down, dark door of hell. "Who enters here leaves hope behind," oftentimes she fully comprehends, but feels that forevermore hers are fateful feet. She turns upon the world that has so cruelly used her, and becomes its worst enemy. Yet the world goes on, increasing the number of its deadliest enemies, with sublime indifference to the awful hazard. The world is content with a state of society wherein the penalty of sin committed by men and women alike falls on women alone, and falls so grievously on her that recovery is well-nigh impossible. A man may have as many loves as he has neckties, wear them as lightly, change them as often, cast them aside as easily at the last. Does it debar him from any profession or occupation? No! Does it forbid his entrance

into any society? No! Does it interfere upon his choice of a wife? No!

On the other hand, if a woman change her lovers with her ribbons, what occupations are open to her? None! If a woman marries a man who proves unworthy, what must she do? She must be patient, bear with him, and save him; it is her divinely appointed work, she is told. So she lays down her youth, her hopes, her happiness, her life, if need be, in such endeavor. If a man marries a woman who proves unworthy, what does he do? He thrusts her forth from his love and confidence, heaps Ossas upon Pelions of scorn upon her; regardless of her blanching cheeks and pallid lips, proclaims her disgrace to the world—to the pitiless world, which repeats the story so vociferously that, turn she east or west, or north or south, its echoes reach her affrighted ears. If, hunted down, she turn desperate and defiant, like an animal at bay, we call her brazen, and many another word our lips should never utter we hurl as missiles to beat and bruise her. Is a Daniel needed to come to the judgment that this sin has no sexuality, exclusively feminine?

In an article on this subject in *The Westminster Review* of July, 1850, we find the following passage: "There is in the warm, fond heart of woman a strange and sublime unselfishness, which men too commonly discover only to profit by,—a positive love of self-sacrifice, an active, so to speak, an aggressive desire to show their affection by giving up to those who have won it something they hold very dear. It is an unreasoning and dangerous yearning of the spirit precisely analogous to that which prompts the tremendous and self-tortures of the religious devotee. Both seek to prove their devotion to the idol they have enshrined by casting down before his altar their richest and most cherished treasures." This is no romantic or over-colored picture; those who deem it so have not known the better portion of the sex, or do not deserve to have known them. This statement explains, perhaps, why we find educated and refined women among these most sorrowful lives of a sorrowful world. Our next wonder is, that the better portion of the sex should possess the dangerous and unreasonable yearning of the spirit which this writer claims, and we seek the reason. Reviewing the world's history, we find women to have been held in high esteem at different times in different ways, sometimes as furniture, sometimes as goods and chattels, sometimes as things, now in the shackles of barbarism, now hedged in about with limitations, the lineal descendants of those shackles—at the best always leading second-hand lives. With no individual grasp upon life since time began, how may the powers and possibilities of women be known? It is true, arduous explanations of her impossibilities, verbose statement of her incapacities, confidential communications with regard to her defective construction by her Creator, concluding with alarming prophecies of a race of women, bearded and babyless, if these communications be disregarded, have flooded the world. We shall greatly marvel in time to come that hobgoblin tales could so deprive us of power to comprehend flesh and blood realities. Servitudes, says poor Migs, is no inheritance, yet the subjection of women is now an inherited faith, a faith into which men and women are born, and inherited faith, according to Oliver Wendell Holmes, is never weak in the knees. Precisely this inherited idea intermingles selfishness on the one hand, weakness on the other, with the best affections of which men and women are capable, making an "unreasoning and dangerous yearning of the spirit" possible to the better portion of womankind, "a profiting by a discovery" possible to the better portion of mankind. Better to be cut off with a shilling, than accept longer this heritage of woe.

Endeavors to reform this class of women are regarded by the world with great disfavor. Some believe reform impossible; many consider the work not altogether respectable; most deem it a work of supererogation. Philanthropists who undertake it meet with almost

as much contempt and contumely as the outcasts themselves. In the seat of the scornful there is no unoccupied place when missionaries for this work pass by. Yet these who have perseveringly labored in this cause know that reform is always possible—is generally secured, if the right course is pursued. Positive knowledge of results is obtained by continuing in communication with those believed to be safely started anew in the world, and observing closely their manner of life. If any hold on them has been secured, they earnestly desire the continuance of the kindness, protection, and guidance which they have learned to value and appreciate. Labors in this field have made clear the fact that generally these women do not desire to reform, not because they prefer the wretched existence, whose wretchedness no one of them fails to discover more quickly than is generally supposed, but because they believe the undertaking hopeless with our present social views. In their better moments they long for release; seeing no way of escape they put away their good thoughts and continue their evil ways. Can you blame them? What can they do unaided and friendless? Sometimes one tries it, bravely telling her history. Cold, averted looks freeze her courage, repelling words drive away her hopes, and closed doors shut out from her hollow eyes the sight of happy homes, from her hungry heart all dreams of the possession of such a home by herself in the future. So then she tries it concealing her history. She gets on a little while, till some one recognizes her and hastens to warn the people about her against her, when she is at once ordered to move on, sometimes roughly, sometimes scornfully, sometimes gently, sometimes pityingly, but she is always ordered to move on. And she moves on, the burden of her history falling on her over and over again till at last crushed, she creeps back to the old haunts, tearless with despair. The unjust sign of the world exacts from her an endurance involving the possession on her part of Spartan firmness and heroism, while the demoralizing circumstances of her life have rendered her infirm of purpose, vacillating, and dependent. Few of us are brave to heroism, even when circumstances are not half so strong against us. Not only, therefore, is it necessary to animate them with a desire to reform, but to encourage them with the assurance that they shall be befriended and assisted in the undertaking. Never dare to promise this assistance till you have power and strength sufficient to give it through every vicissitude. The withdrawal of a hand that has been extended to them undoes the labor of years. It is a mistake to suppose them destitute of human feeling. We must give them no invitation publicly to come among us which we retract publicly because they accept it. We must not call them "painted and perfidious" in the public prints, because, when they came, in answer to our invitation, their dress was not considered by us seemly and becoming. May happen our attire appears somewhat inglorious to the angels, but I have faith to believe they will continue their much-needed ministrations to us, nevertheless.

More than all else beside, these women need the friendship of good women, need it as God grant the women who deny it them may never need anything in this mortal world. O, woman! enriched with all that makes wealth in life, beloved as wives, happy as mothers, have you no help for the woman utterly impoverished of these treasures? Can you not stop in your happiness even so long as to tell her what she does not know, or, knowing, dares not hope, "though her sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool," saith the Lord. Are social opinions miserable scarecrows, our neighbors set up in the Lord's vineyard, to be permitted place if they make women hard-hearted and relentless toward any portion of their sex?

Only after they have found friends it is possible for them to attempt honorable labor. They can make but attempts at first. Do not

call it ingratitude if they fall back into indolence, pity them if they have lost the power to preserve, and stimulate them in every way to acquire it. They must be taught industry by degrees, as children are taught to read, letter by letter. Idleness is as demoralizing as ignorance, and it seems quite as important that labor should be compulsory as that education should be. We are apt to consider ourselves magicians, a wave of whose wand will subdue these restless spirits. Not in one hour or by one endeavor can these natures, perverted mentally, morally, and spiritually, be restored. They will be thrown in many a wrestle, before the higher nature has so conquered the lower as to hold it in some subjection. Then we must be ready to bind up their wounds, and prepare them anew in the struggle. The Christian grace of humility will doubtless give us power to practice the Christian virtue of patience, if we truly desire to help these suffering souls. If we could realize that inherent weakness of character among women, more than inherent grossness, leads them to adopt this sad career with its tragical close, we should feel that, as women, we have great responsibilities in the matter. Vast multitudes of women lead abandoned lives to-day. The population of public women in New York is that of 1 to every 518; in Paris, 1 to every 281; in Chicago, 1 to every 230. Statistics seem to show that the evil diminishes as means of employment are opened to women, and opportunities are given them to support themselves honorably. In Birmingham and Sheffield, the two cities of the world where most employments are open to women, only 1 in 709 leads an abandoned life, the lowest population found anywhere, except at the Hague. Every endeavor, then, which women make to open new fields of industry for women, and to fit them to labor therein, is a direct blow at this hydra-headed monster which preys so devouringly on our social life. Every industrial school which we open for girls, every industrial bureau we establish for women, protects them against this terrible future contingency.

Believing this, will you fail to see the duties of women in this momentous matter? Will you not look to it that women are raised from the position of vagrants in the world, without visible means of support, to positions where they shall be honorably self-supporting? Will you not use your last endeavor, that they may become skilled in all industries, whatsoever they may be, which they may choose as a means of livelihood, and, being skilled, receive as much remuneration as men for the same work? Then reflecting on the social injustice done to the woman who sins, as opposed to that offered the male offender, will you not be inspired with courage to insist upon equal purity of life, for men as well as women. Male writers upon this subject invariably state it to be their belief that the social evil is ineradicable. Assuredly it would be hard to prove to the contrary in Christian lands. In heathen lands it is different. It is said that an unchaste Parsee is unknown; that, in addition to their other virtues, they uniformly possess that of chastity. This brings to our minds the fact that purity of character is one of the leading requirements of the Zoroastrian religion. In our spiritual pride we have liked to send missionaries to the heathen; must we come down from our high estate and ask for missionaries from them to us? Would a heathen amendment to Christian resolutions be too sadly out of order to be adopted in our code of morals? The Hindoo mother of many daughters makes a sacrifice of one to a public life for the sake of the rest. She gives one of her beloved, innocent girls to go and live away from her forever, in order that her sisters may be saved betrayal or sin. A house is built expressly for these girls, who lose their lives, so to speak, for the rest of the Hindoo woman world. This building is put far away from the city which it protects, a particular kind of cloth is woven for the girls who live inside its walls, and only these are allowed to wear it. By this provision, the safety of the remaining Hindoo women is perfectly secured. Is there any provision by which the safety of any daughter of Christendom is perfectly secured? Sad as this heathen provision is, it is infinitely sadder to feel the peril in which every girl in our land is placed by virtue of the inherited social ideas, the lack of proper womanly training, and the general antipathy to individual, responsible, earnest lives for women which prevails. Since it may be long and late before the "truth which is mighty shall prevail," while we use every endeavor in behalf of better social conditions and the equalization of the relations between men and women as the best means for the final overthrow of the social evil, let us not disgrace our present obligation toward those of our sex who must be considered victims as well as sinners. Benevolent institutions to welcome and shelter them must be established and encouraged. They are of incalculable benefit. Chicago has two institutions of this kind—one Protestant, one Catholic. Of those cared for in the Erring Woman's Refuge since its opening, in number about 600, three-fifths have been reclaimed. One-third of the whole number were under 17 years of age. This home is greatly overcrowded at present, and unable to receive the ever increasing number of applicants for admission. Its managers hope, during the coming year, to put up a building which shall be large enough to accommodate all who may apply, and shall have convenient arrangements for many different industrial departments. It is believed quite possible, in time, to make the institution self-supporting. The Catholic House of the Good Shepherd is a fine building, conveniently arranged for this

work, which is admirably carried on by the sisters. They generally have about fifty of these women under their protection, besides a large school of children taken in for preservation.

Would that it were possible, in closing, to make a plea for the Magdalen which should soften the hearts of all women toward her, whatever the guise might be in which she stood before them. Do you see her as bold, shameless, and depraved, and are you angry with her that through her womanhood is degraded and dragged through the mire. Do not condemn her to burn in the red flames of her scarlet sin without the benefit even of a trial. Follow her, though it be to the foulest den, question her kindly,—she is not used to kindness,—hence her offensiveness at first. Question her gently, and there is not the least doubt that you will go away wondering whether, under the same circumstances, you had been better or worse than she. In any event, your anger will be changed to a sore pity for her and her kind. Do you see her as a young girl bearing in her arms a babe without a name? By all the love you bear your fair daughter, I beseech you let not taunts and blame be the first escaping words from your lips. Hear her, before you speak words which frighten her into lying to you. In your prayers that night you will be very apt to pray as never you prayed before to the Father in Heaven to protect the tender lives in your home from such a cruel blight. Do you see her as the ideal Magdalen, beautiful, womanly, with golden hair unbound, weighing down the drooping head, pierced through the heart with the poisoned arrows shot from venomous tongues? Clasp her to your breast lovingly, mingle your tears with hers piteously, bring her to the woman-hearted Christ for shriving, to the Christ of the love ineffable, to the Christ of the mercy most merciful, to the Christ of the pardon most bountiful for all suffering, sorrowing, sighing souls that, tossed on the waves of life's unrest, shaken by life's passionate whirlwinds, torn by life's terrible tempests, out of the depths, unto Him despairingly do cry.

THE IDEAL CIVILIZATION.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE BY CEPHAS B. LYNN.

The cardinal idea of the independent platform is spiritual liberty. We are living in the creative period. We are here as lovers of spiritual liberty, and with the belief that sectarianism is the curse of the world. When we entered that hall, we did so to hear different opinions on a large variety of subjects. We stand on a platform to which the scientist is welcome. We have realized that the roots of this platform are full of vitality and run far back into antiquity.

The movement of liberation is one of vast comprehensiveness. We want a man to talk about more than one thing. Even religious teachings are growing threadbare. There are thousands of earnest men and women, who, when they attend these vast cathedrals of religion, that do not pay taxes, and hearing always the same old story, are driven to add to the world of the unchurched, who meet together, not as Christians, not as Spiritualists, not as Jews, but as men and women, on Sabbath evenings, in the theatre and elsewhere, ready to listen to the opinions of the thinkers of the day, rather than to the occupants of pulpits where but one opinion is promulgated, and that to be rigidly enforced.

Young lecturers and preachers generally tackle the profoundest subjects, and they might think the subject of the lecture that night was one he should apologize for attempting; but this is a new era, the era of young America, and young America's ideas he proposed to interpret, and need not apologize for. The first song of the American parent is, "I will give my child a good education," not make him a Christian or sectarian. He believed it was given to young America to announce to the people the configuration of the coming day. We have got through going to old countries for our inspiration, and we no longer look to New England for the last thought. When he spoke of civilization, he meant the civilization of all nations. The trouble is, we are still provincial. The world is our country, and to do good should be our religion, as it was of Thomas Paine. The first move was conquest for love of conquest, next conquest for territory, and now it is said we are on the verge of universalism.

The governmental idea, when it came to America, was to distribute power among the masses. This thing called progress is marked by a series of victories followed by a series of defeats. He ransacked history to instance the triumphs and defeats of Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome; and found continual order evolved out of chaos, and humanity emerging higher from each defeat. Every new thing, every grand truth, has been fought on its birth into the world; but hoped a new era had come.

He was done with allowing that religion, or art, is the cause of civilization. If we want the causes we must go back to the sources of nature. Man is the biggest thing on the planet to-day. The human soul is bigger than religion or art. The question of politics is german to the subject under discussion. Political parties are on the line of phenomenal things, and when they fulfill their work they pass away. If it be a fact that the ideal politician has come, something has been done toward building up the ideal civilization. He believed he had come. The past few days had seen a people's, not a party's victory, one of the most wonderful revolutions ever witnessed. Old instrumentalities have lost their vitality. The words

"Democracy" and "Republicanism" have lost their rallying power, and new words have taken their place. Sumner had not labored in vain against Cæsarism. In the political world old things have passed away, and officeholders have found that people have rights. He found consolation in the Geneva arbitration.

All of this has been prophesied. Disraeli says there is a great crisis about to come upon the world; so does Pere Hyacinthe, Victor Hugo and Signor Castelar; and Wendell Phillips prophesies that unless we solve the problem of capital vs. labor, and sociology, the boy lives to-day who can write the rise and fall of the American republic. The signs of the times are being interpreted. It is the function of the human soul to dominate circumstances, and this is accomplished by such events as the Geneva arbitration and the great political upheaval of the present month.

As to religion, he said we are mystified differently at every cathedral. The world is absolutely confounded at the variety of religious beliefs; and the people are taking the matter out of the hands of the preachers and deciding for themselves. Religion is spiritual activity under the subject of intellect. We are no longer to be tossed from one belief to another; the individual is to come to the surface. We are learning what all religions pretend, and forming one opinion as to each, instead of investigating one alone; as we have been doing.

The statement of the Jew and Mohammedan is as german as that of the Y. M. C. A. First, then, he adopted the idea of study; and next, that every man's religious opinions must be respected. This is not a Jewish or a Christian country; ten thousand times no [applause], and if anybody asks you what you believe, you have the right to tell him it is none of his business. In the future, none will dare to encroach on the religion of individuals. In this sense religion goes arm in arm with politics in paving the way for the civilization to come. A time has arrived in this country when we should understand this question of religious liberty; and platform speakers should thunder forth all instances of attempts to strangle it. Liberalists are a power to-day in the line of the abstract idea of freedom. Their power will be at the ballot-box when any religious banner is attempted to be raised above the stars and stripes.

FAMILIAR SPIRITS.

Another of the leading American magazines, *The Galaxy*, has swung into the popular current, and has commenced a candid inquiry into the more remarkable phases of modern Spiritualism. In its December issue, a dozen pages are devoted to recountals and comments concerning the alleged "Katie King" demonstrations in Philadelphia. The article is the work of an investigator who gave a number of studious evenings to inspections of the astounding "materializing" manifestations which have, for some time, been occurring through the "mediumship" of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, in the city named.

The Galaxy's investigator seems to have been neither an ultra-believer in Spiritualistic phenomena, at the outset, nor a rabid scoffer, eager to expose the whole infernal foolishness in a single evening. He appears to have been quite unbiased; equally willing to discover truth or deception in what occurred, though his tendency was toward the skeptical side. Blend such a disposition with cool judgment, a fair share of the reasoning faculty, and the ability to present a succinct narration of what comes under observation, and we have the joint material for an excellent inquirer. These qualifications were evidently owned and used by the writer in question. A credible account of Spiritualistic "materialization," and a few brief and logical comments thereon, are the result.

He shows how every possible precaution against fraud was taken by himself and others. He shows how the Holmes seances were attended by hundreds of the shrewdest and most inquisitive men and women in the country. He shows that a large percentage of these visitors had attained previous local, and in many cases national, renown as practical, incredulous students of whatever they had been known to examine. He shows that they were not the sort of persons apt to be deceived by any common trickery; that they were, indeed, fully as able to detect imposition as the thousands who will read this article, and will exclaim with characteristic human individual modesty: "Just wait until I get a chance to shake the nonsense out of these charlatans."

This investigator next proceeds to detail what he saw, heard, and felt night after night in conjunction with some of the foremost of American thinkers. Either he is a liar, and the many men and women who were present with him at the various "sittings" are liars also, or he and they saw, touched, and talked with people who were once of common clay like the rest of us, but who are now denizens of the land beyond the grave. Delusion cannot account for the things he describes. Fanciful theories about "unconscious cerebration" become ridiculous when, from out a common closet appears the presentment of the long-deceased brother of a man in the audience known to be an absolute stranger to the "mediums" and their friends. Mesmerism and psychology and brain-waves and mechanical illusion, become farcical explanations when this stranger to the mediums takes a photograph out of his pocket and allows everybody in the assemblage to see that it corresponds exactly with the wondrous face in the "cabinet." Theatrical impersonation is an absurd way to account for the "Katie King" apparition.

A tall, gaunt man is wrapped in a peculiar

trance sleep, sitting in a chair, sometimes inside his closet; sometimes, in full view of the investigators, outside. Presently there comes a radiant-faced girl to the large aperture in the closet, or "cabinet," door. She is described as surpassingly beautiful; talks freely and gaily with those present; protrudes two superbly modeled arms, bare to the shoulders, and shakes hands with all who desire. If the evening is particularly warm, she complains of difficulty in retaining tangibility, and is seen to partially melt into the air. When this occurs, she retreats into the cabinet briefly, for additional "power," as she expresses it. Perhaps *The Galaxy's* investigator's own experience in this one respect is as convincing as aught which can be detailed. He says:

"However long a living woman might remain in view, no change would be perceivable in any part of her bodily tissues. On the other hand, tissues derived from foreign elements, with which a spirit has temporarily surrounded itself, might be expected after a certain time to show signs of disorganization. Now I closely watched Katie King's countenance through an opera-glass every time she appeared, and I invariably saw that, on her face being first visible, the eyes, as well as her other features, were perfectly natural in their appearance, the eyelids having all the mobility of those of a living person; but several times, after her face had been a little longer visible than usual, the eyelids lost their mobility, the whites of the eyes became glassy, and began to prolong themselves downward, looking like viscid masses about to roll down her cheeks! Of this change she always seemed to become suddenly conscious, hastily withdrawing her face from the window; at which, after a few moments, it would appear again, with the eyes as natural as at first."

This apparition sometimes comes out into the room; is always easy and natural in appearance when thoroughly "materialized," and has an intuitive perception of skeptics, coupled with an eminently feminine propensity to tease them. She claims to have been the daughter of one John Morgan, "Katie King" being her "spirit name," and to have lived and died in England over two centuries ago. Her pronunciation is noticed to correspond accurately with the time and locality of her asserted earth residence. Sometimes her father, "a very striking man, with a black beard and mustache, and with a fierce look about the eyes," is seen with her. Sometimes when she reaches her shapely hands and arms out into the apartment to receive floral or other tributes, many other hands, of all sizes and shapes, appear at the same instant, some of them quiet, others in rapid motion.

When the closet or "cabinet" is examined afterward, it is found precisely the same as when inspected previous to and during the manifestations. It is solid, compact, impervious; having only its one place of entrance, and that in full view of the audience. Apropos of this, we chance to know of a Chicago gentleman who attended one of these seances in Philadelphia, with a heavy hammer secreted under his coat. At the termination of the sitting, he entered the "cabinet" and smashed lustily around upon the floor, walls, and ceiling, only to find the little apartment "as tough and solid as a Herring safe."

Rigid condensation can give but a partial idea of the various and fascinating manifestations chronicled by *The Galaxy's* inquirer. Particularly convincing are the cases of private identification which he cites. Hundreds of as credible witnesses and as impartial judges as any who will read his story, visited these "materializing" seances in sport, in earnest, to quiz, to believe, or to expose, according to their various natures. But the lids of coffins entombed for years flew open, and nightly there appeared faces and forms supposed to have been shut eternally from loving human view. This occurred so frequently, so unexpectedly, so clearly, as to boil the chances for illusion down to the minimum. It was not illusion. It was not the medium. It was not machinery. It was not imposture. It was, in every case, what it purported to be, or it was infamous sacrilege on the part of the spectators in claiming to identify spurious friends, and of course this latter supposition is not to be harbored for an instant.

Brushing aside the absurd explanations of fraud, delusion, and willful ignorance, which will be pushed forward to account for the phenomena noted, as well as for all current Spiritualistic phenomena, and the moderate disbeliever is sure to be confronted by one question. What is there so atrocious in accepting the theory of our Spiritualistic friends? Their theory explains all it purports to. Every opposition theory is ridiculously inadequate. Is it so very monstrous to believe that we are not annihilated in death? Then, agreeing that we do exist beyond the grave, is it peculiarly heinous to believe we may be able to let the loved ones left behind see, touch, and talk with us again?

Of course, if Spiritualism is a gigantic error, the sooner it is wiped away the sooner will the world be ready to continue its inevitable probing into the mysterious hereafter, in some other direction. But are we making astonishing headway in wiping it away. *Crescite et multiplicamini* has been its legend from the start. Its devotees swarm in every land, and seem as contented, practical, clear-headed a fraternity of believers in a pleasant hereafter, as though they were not the dupes and frauds we have so long rated them. What is there in their theory, after all, which is so supremely preposterous? What have we to offer in explanation of their well-established phenomena which shall not prove insipidly defective?—*Chicago Times*.

MATERIALIZATION IN MISSOURI.

Isaac Kelso, a somewhat well-known rationalist, writes as follows from Memphis, Scotland County, Mo., to *The St. Louis Democrat*, under date of Oct. 26:

On leaving the city last week, to visit the famous medium, Mr. Mott, of Memphis, in the interests of science, I promised to give the St. Louis Association of Rationalists a plain, unvarnished account of the phenomena, if any I should be permitted to witness, said to come through the mediumship of that remarkable man.

Mr. Mott's residence is a little way out of town; an humble cottage standing off by itself. About it there can be found no hiding-places, not even a cellar. To afford me ample opportunity of satisfying myself as to the honesty of the whole affair, he allows me to lodge in his domicile, and eat at his table.

Last evening was the third seance since my arrival, and was held at Mr. Mott's house. He does not always, however, have them at his house. Can hold them anywhere. When he first became a medium his seances were held for about a year at the residence of Mr. Pitkin, a prominent citizen of Memphis, who entertained, free of charge, all comers who wished to investigate the phenomena. Nor could Mr. Mott, for a long time, be persuaded to accept of any compensation for his loss of time in lending himself to the cause.

As I cannot, in a single letter, furnish you more than an inkling of what has fallen under my observation, allow me to confine myself for the present to the phenomena of last night.

The weather was counted unfavorable. About nightfall it began storming. There were frequent dashes of rain, accompanied by muttering thunder and vivid lightning.

The medium always allows himself to be hand-cuffed and tied down to the floor, when parties desire it. Having seen him ironed once, I cared not to have it repeated. So, at my request, he was left unbound. Several intelligent gentlemen of Kirksville, Mo., and three ladies of Canton, Ill., evidently well informed, and reputed to be highly educated, made up our circle for the most part.

The light was turned down till we were left in a soft, dusky twilight. After a few minutes the curtain concealing the aperture of the cabinet, in which the medium sat entranced, was swept aside by a white hand, rather indistinctly seen across the little room; then a face appeared, looking decidedly human. Invited forward, I approached the aperture, but did not recognize the countenance. The storm without continued unabated. Peering narrowly into the face of the stranger, my eyes within a few inches of the features I was scrutinizing, while at the same time trying to catch the whispered words falling from lips reputed ghostly, I was startled by a flash of lightning, which, gleaming through the cottage windows, fell with dazzling effulgence upon the countenance before me.

The bust of a well-formed, comely man stood clearly revealed to my gaze, and appearing very like a being made up of common flesh and blood. The figure was neatly clad in black cloth, fashionably cut; was bare-headed; had short, dark hair, and long, brown chin whiskers, flowing down upon and partly concealing his white bosom. The lightning made him wince a little and start back; but directly recovering from the shock, he came up to the aperture again bowing pleasantly, and making an ineffectual effort to speak. "Now, where," said I to myself, "does this being come from? The only mortal locked up in the cabinet is Mr. Mott, and this man is as much unlike Mott as I am." The apparition, however, did not pass unrecognized. Three gentlemen of Kirksville identified, they thought, beyond peradventure, this visitor as a young man who died several years since at Kirksville. They held conversation with him at considerable length. On being told that he belonged to the order of Freemasons I asked him to give me the master Mason's word. He paused a moment, as if to recollect; then slowly, but very distinctly pronounced the long hard word. After him came a woman's face and figure, attired in rich, well-fitting female habiliments. This apparition introduced herself to me as my spirit-sister Mary; reminded me of having met her at Moravia two years ago, where she materialized and stood before me in a bright light.

"Yes, but you now look younger," I replied, "and seem quite too girlish for my sister Mary."

"We cannot," responded she, in a soft whisper, "always make ourselves appear the same. Conditions vary; and we are so dependent on conditions, not alone to make ourselves visible, to speak and act, but likewise to think, when we take upon us earthliness, mortal magnetism, and come within the medium's sphere of thought and feeling," saying which she leaned toward me and caressingly passed her hand over my forehead, cheek and temple—whispering meanwhile, but in so weak a voice I understood but little she uttered. Finally, drawing the edge of the curtain over her face, she made the sound of a kiss. Now, pressing my own lips against the curtain, I received from her a kiss through it. I have found all apparitions willing to touch, but not to be touched. They offer as a reason for this that contact, unless it be but instantaneous, takes away their strength. When they touch us it is quickly done; generally two or three taps given in rapid succession. The only exception to this, in my experience, occurred in a previous seance, when I thrust my arm into the cabinet up to the shoulder, asking the spirits to give me a test by laying hold of my arm with as many as

three hands. Instantly I felt the firm, deliberate grip, in three separate places upon my limb, by what seemed to be hands, while a fourth tapped my hand repeatedly with something that felt silky.

Soon after the disappearance of Mary, a whiskered apparition, wearing spectacles, and looking a man near forty, presented himself, and called for a young lady present, Miss Kate Dwire, of Canton. The girl sprang to her feet much excited, and took a step or two toward the cabinet; pausing, she said with a quivering voice: "Tis my father." Becoming greatly agitated, she could not for a time be urged to a closer approach. The apparition insisted that she should come nearer. She still hesitated, confessing herself afraid, whereupon the apparition began to weep. When asked the cause of his grief, he replied: "Oh, it hurts me to think that my own dear daughter is afraid of me." Miss Dwire at length put on sufficient courage to go up the aperture, and there talked and wept for several minutes. The scene was truly touching. The young lady was finally so overcome that she required assistance to get back to her seat.

Her father, I was informed, lost his life mysteriously years ago in St. Louis. This apparition, claiming to be the same, told Kate that he was murdered for his money. Miss Kate Dwire resides with her widowed mother at Canton, is a young widow of noble bearing, rare accomplishments, and, I am told, of large scientific attainments.

Next came to the aperture a tall, silver-haired apparition, and called for two ladies present, Mrs. Carrie Black and Mrs. Maggie Entwistle, both of Canton, Ill., and sister. They have the appearance of ladies possessing superior qualities and high intelligence. Responding to the call with alacrity, they approached the aperture, yet with manifest tripudiation, leaning upon and supporting each other. The apparition professed to be James H. McCall, who died about one year ago, away from home; I think at Mountain City, Nevada. The two sisters owned him their father, and wept convulsively. As soon as able to compose themselves they commenced a conversation with him which continued, perhaps, ten or fifteen minutes. During the interview, which seemed to be chiefly about family affairs, the ladies frequently broke down, weeping as though their hearts were breaking.

I shall be compelled to omit the wonderful tests several gentlemen present on the occasion claimed to have obtained during the seance. In my next letter I shall give some account of these.

Before the seance closed, a number of apparitions, one after another, came out of the cabinet among us, bowing gracefully, and tapping us playfully on our heads. One of the number seemed a child about four years old, and was recognized by Mr. Brewington, a merchant of Kirksville, as his little brother, who died in Indiana.

The storm that began with the seance was now at its height. After the child just mentioned had returned to the cabinet, hiding itself in the darkness, out rushed a white robed apparition in the guise of a woman, advancing toward me with open arms; rising to my feet, I offered my hand to the unknown being; she gently tapped my fingers, and in distinct whispers claimed me for her son. At this juncture a sharp flash of lightning illuminated the room, making the snowy garments of the apparition glisten and her features glow. But I cannot say that my recognition of her was entirely clear and satisfactory. The lightning appeared to deprive her of strength and the power to preserve intact her materialization. Directly beginning to reel, and staggering backward, she sank to the floor at the threshold of the cabinet, apparently in a dissolving state. Lying there she looked not unlike a melting snow-drift; but the simmering heap, after a moment, became, to all appearance, a little cloud of white vapor in the air; and in this form what was left of the apparition floated into the cabinet.

I will close this letter by the mere mention of a phenomenon witnessed this morning, which struck me as the most unanswerable of anything I've met with. Mr. Mott has a little girl three years old, named Essie. Being told that the spirits had once or twice written for this child on a slate, when she but held her fingers on the frame thereof, I persuaded her to try the experiment for me. So, placing a bit of pencil on a clean slate, then pressing the slate against the underside of a table leaf, with her tiny fingers on the frame, the pencil straightway began to move on the slate. We could have heard it across the room. When done, it gave us notice by rapping. Taking out the slate I was amazed to find a thrilling communication, signed Mary and Nancy—the names of my two departed sisters. One side of the slate was about half covered with the writing. The letters were well-formed, every word correctly spelled, and the lines much straighter than most men can trace without ruling. Now, to say nothing about the physical force which was necessary to move the pencil, we ask whence came the intelligence contained in the communication? The child, through whose mediumship it was given, has not yet been taught the alphabet.

An English scholar, who has just returned from China, says that shortly before he left that country he fell in with a gentleman aged 106, who was just about to go in for his last scholastic examination, with a view of obtaining the final diploma of scholarship.

The sky's blue and the winds blew, too.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.
GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS
SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

CHAPTER VI.

Little did I think when I took the oath to protect the woman, that I should need to shield her from the murderous hands of my own brothers; but the revelations of Esaulon convinced me that Zophiel, and others, intended to take the woman's life. Through what means would they try to effect their object? My only hope that such would not be attempted lay in Ariel's influence over my brothers. I would await further developments, before deciding upon what course I would pursue. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I must provide to meet the emergencies of the present. Duty was imperative, but how could I fulfill the obligations it imposed? I had produced woman; I had provided her with those functions which, brought into co-operative action, should multiply and bless her race. Must she, in her first effort to reproduce, become the victim of extinction? Must she, in giving life to another, yield her own in sacrifice to death? If she would live, she must live for herself only; live on, live ever; though knowing no evil, forever ignorant of her innate power for good. Must this power forever lie dormant, else by its first act destroy its own source? I felt like "repenting of what I had done." Must woman forever remain but a useless ornament, her life a mere blank? Must I, of two evils, choose one? Whichever I would choose, it seems the greater. I will not try to make the choice; I cannot. O that I were delivered from this mental thralldom! How earnestly I prayed that the evil day might be put far away! So great was my grief, I uttered my thought aloud! I started at the sound of my own voice! My very vitality poured forth in torrents of perspiration, from my every pore, until my consciousness left me! Oh! the agony of that hour! O, children of earth, you know but a tithe of the love I bear you! Let me throw aside the pall that enwraps me, as in thought I suffer again the agony of that dark hour in Eden, and hasten to returning consciousness, when, as 'twere, called back to life by the sweet voice of Apollo, and the thrilling notes of his lyre:

"Grieve not, fear not, sorrowing heart!
Come hope! come joy! despair depart!
Be calm! be firm! courage revive!
Through right, not might, your cause shall thrive!"

When Apollo perceived that I was awake, he ceased singing, and said to me:

"What has befallen thee, my brother, why art thou so sad?"

I told him of my great straight.

"Ah!" said, "I perceive thou art between the horns of a dilemma; give me the horns, and I will make good use of them."

I assure the reader, I gladly assented to the proposed amendment; if Apollo could make the horns fit, he might wear them. "What will you do with them?" I asked.

"Make a post-horn of one, and a powder-horn of the other," he replied.

What a great scare the priests have manufactured from these horns; but how can I blame them, they don't know that Apollo merely blows one, and burns the contents of the other, when he feels like having a fourth-of-July.

"But dost thou think," he continued, "that the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil is deadly poison?"

"It seems so," I replied, "as death is the sure result of eating the fruit."

"I think, Nicholas, you are mistaken; for our father has said of every tree, bearing fruit, to you it shall be for meat; therefore if the fruit of the tree be poison, he intended that man should die; and if the man die thereby, how can it be meat unto him?"

Apollo had given me an idea, which was a gleam of hope to guide me out of the dark ravine of despair. "My dear brother," I replied, "you have inspired me with hope. Either father designed in the beginning that man should die, or else the fruit is not deadly, for his command not to eat of it, could not change the nature of the tree."

"So," said Apollo, "you see two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head." (This expression was original with Apollo.)

"You are right," I replied, "but I think the horns are on the wrong head." I felt rather sheepish at that time.

"According to your own acknowledgment, at the present time my head is the stronger, and

as these horns are quite large, I think I had better carry them. But enough of this sheepish business," continued Apollo; "I propose that we visit this wonderful tree."

"Agreed," said I, and off we went.

As we proceeded, Apollo informed me of his acquaintance with plants, and their medical properties, and that he thought he could ascertain correctly whether the fruit of the tree was really poisonous. On arriving at the tree Apollo plucked some of the fruit. It was of an oblong shape, very much resembling, in many respects, a half-grown gage. On cutting the rind, he found the fruit was but partially developed, and that its internal construction somewhat resembled that of the plum to which I have referred. He was, not able to determine whether it was inimical to human life, but was inclined to the opinion that in its green state, it would prove indigestible. He concluded that he could better determine the character of the plant by examining its root. Vulcan, being near at hand, produced his shovel, and began to delve. His efforts disclosed the fact that the tree was but an outgrowth from the root of some other tree. Vulcan traced the root to its source. Reader, what tree do you suppose it was? It was the tree of life. What ninnies we were. Of course, all knowledge has its source in the great fountain-head, life. A knowledge of the tree of knowledge, as simply existing, being in ignorance of its qualities, was to me a source of evil; when acquainted with its properties, it became to me a source of good. Said Apollo:

"Let the fruit alone for the present, but when ripe it will be perfectly safe. Do not try to make full use of the results of knowledge, until they become fully developed."

"That's so, Poll," said Vulc, "don't try to dig with nothing but the handle of a shovel."

FOUNDATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

On Sunday, Nov. 8th, Mrs. A. H. Colby delivered the first of a course of lectures, before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, in Grow's opera house, on "The Foundation of Spiritualism." The body of the hall was crowded with an intelligent and appreciative audience.

The lecturer, prior to proceeding with her discourse, passed into a trance, and subsequently delivered thoughts conceived in this condition.

Mrs. Colby proceeded to show that Spiritualism permeated the whole universe, and that without it the affairs of the world could not proceed as happily as they do. She maintained that Spiritualism had existed from the creation of the world, and that without it there could have been no creation. The fundamental principles of Spiritualism were to be found scattered throughout the whole of the Bible. Were this not so, that holy book would not have obtained the influence it had, nor would it have been handed down from generation to generation for so many thousand years, had there not been marked in its pages that element of spiritual life which was the mainstay of the world. Without this element the Bible would have been nothing at all, and the sublime influence which it now possessed over all civilized nations, the object of the divine prophets and scribes who had revealed the will of God as it was revealed to them, would have been irreparably destroyed. Mankind had unconsciously reaped innumerable blessings and advantages from Spiritualism, and by the great majority they were not acknowledged as being connected with the great principle which underlies the government of the world in both its civil and religious phases. Notwithstanding the opposition which was given to Spiritualism by perverse skeptics and enthusiasts of other religious creeds, Spiritualism had exerted a mighty influence over the history of the world. This power had been warmly contested for many years, and only now was it beginning to take a position in the community. It must eventually ensure a regard for its principles, and command a position in the minds of men which would astonish the skeptical even in the present generation. Spiritualists hitherto had been bound and cramped with fetters which they were now bursting asunder. They were like a fagot composed of crooked sticks, which in consequence of the absence of evenness would not adhere together. Unity in the body was an absolute necessity, and the importance of this fact was beginning to be recognized.

The lecturer concluded by reiterating that the principles of their persuasion pervaded not only the Bible and the Christian religion, but all space, and the world must eventually be brought to acknowledge this fact.

REMARKS.—We clip the above report from the *Chicago Times* of Nov. 9th. It speaks for itself. And coming, as it does, on the heels of the fulsome praise of *The Times* by S. S. Jones, Esq., the "pure Spiritualist" [?] and unquestioned editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of the 14th inst., number nine, volume seventeen. We hold it a severe rebuke of the false, bitter spirit and libel in regard to the First Society of Spiritualists and their

efforts to maintain meetings in Chicago, published by the *R.-P. Journal*.

The meetings at Grow's opera hall have been well attended, and with increasing audiences. On Sunday the 1st inst. we gave our ninth seance in Chicago. Receipts \$58, and many came in free. We have given nine seances in Chicago since the 1st of March, 1874, to date, Nov. 16th; averaging \$61.37. If this is throwing us overboard in Chicago, we wish all other places we visit would serve us in the same way. But the gist of this *Times* report is in who tells the truth, the *R.-P. Journal* or *The Chicago Times*. Let us quote from each, referring to the Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists.

The *R.-P. Journal* remarks: "They have held their last four meetings in Chicago at Grow's opera house, a place controlled, to the disgrace of the great mass of Spiritualists of Chicago, by a nest of professed Spiritualists, who throw all their influence in favor of the great Woodhull infamy."—*R.-P. J.*, vol. 17, no. 9. Now listen to *The Chicago Times*, of which S. S. Jones has said: "*The Times* is a live paper, and means to deal fairly with Spiritualism"—*R.-P. J.*, vol. 17, no. 9, first page, fourth column: "Yesterday morning Mrs. A. H. Colby, the Spiritualist lecturer, delivered a lecture in Grow's opera house, on 'The Foundation of Spiritualism.' The body of the hall was crowded with an intelligent and appreciative audience."

Readers, while the *R.-P. Journal*, and its editors, has puffed and praised *The Chicago Times*, as well as intimated that through the high-toned example "of this paper," *The Times*, as well as other prominent papers in Chicago, were now publishing facts to the people in regard to Spiritualism. *The Times* has once, and only once, so far as we can find out, referred to the *R.-P. Journal* and its editor. We would like to know who tells the truth, *The Chicago Times* or the *R.-P. Journal*?

We quote a most glaring falsehood from the *R.-P. Journal*, vol. 17, no. 9: "The Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists, officered by E. V. Wilson and Mrs. Severance and others, cannot get the least encouragement for a meeting by the Spiritualists in any county in the State."

Reader, we hold an invitation from Belvidere and McHenry, for us to come to their places with our next meeting, besides we have already paid for our hall rent, paid our speakers, and boarded the multitude at every Convention held, save one. At St. Charles we occupied the Universalist church, as we supposed, free of charge; and many of us slept on the floor in one of S. S. Jones' old houses, and paid S. S. Jones a bill of some \$40 or \$50 for supplies purchased and used in this old house. Now, we say that S. S. Jones did not pay one dollar of it, nor did he entertain any of the speakers. And we further state, that every word published in number nine, volume seventeen, of his paper, in regard to the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, and the N. I. A. of S., are malevolent, vindictive and utterly false, and we are ready to prove it.

Mrs. Colby is one of the many who have suffered at this man's hands, through the columns of his paper, as has every speaker, writer, medium, seer, or society, that does not bow to his dictum, and share their hard earnings with him. We tell you, Spiritualists of America, that the *R.-P. Journal* and its editor, S. S. Jones, Esq., has done more to divide the Spiritualists of America than all the Woodhulls, Hulls, Wilsons, and Jamiesons combined.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera Hall, 517 West Madison street, Chicago, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, 1875. The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock on Friday morning, January 8th, and continue over Sunday, the 10th.

The Convention will be conducted under strict parliamentary usages. We invite written articles on Spiritualism, and subjects germane to humanity, to be forwarded to us to be read before our society.

The best talent in the land will be present, including seers, speakers, healers, writing and physical mediums.

Spiritualists of the West, come to this Convention. Let us make it the Convention of the West. Remember our platform is a free one, and speakers will find themselves untrammelled.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.
E. V. WILSON, Secretary.
Lombard, Ill., Nov. 30, 1874.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DU-PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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SOCIAL LIFE, REFORM, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

We have read with a great deal of interest the thoughts of all the writers on these subjects, and have listened to many, if not all, of the speakers, with marked interest. And while there has been many, very many good things said on the radical side; many errors pointed out; many valuable reforms suggested; there has not been presented any plan that will take the place of the monogamic relation, or the family circle and marriage contract.

For years there has been restlessness manifested in many, too many family circles; too many married people are dissatisfied with their married life, and resort to the divorce courts for relief, and yet marry again in a few days, or have been living in unholy and unchaste relations before applying for divorce; and we hold that this assumption is the rule, and not the exception. The radical side, or advocates of "sexual freedom," demand "untrammelled lives, perfect freedom, socially and sexually," as well as the abolition "of all man-made laws." And in defense of these demands, as well as why they should be conceded or carried out, continually point to the "wife beater," to the "wife murdered," and other abuses, terrible to contemplate, as the result of married life. The woman cast off by her husband, the family beggared and deserted, are so much capital stock in trade, and this capital is exhibited in no stinted measure, as well as heralded to the world as the results of man-made laws, or of the marriage contract, and man, the cause, and married men the brutes in human form, the authors of all these crimes.

Is this true? Are men alone to blame? Are there no women who do wrong? do they never scold, find fault, desert their homes, their children, or murder their husbands? What proportion of public women, or prostitutes, become so before marriage? and what proportion after marriage? How is it with those men and women who are living together outside of marriage? do they ever quarrel, separate, or kill each other? We venture the assertion that there are more women killed by the men who keep them—more men killed by women who live with them, outside of the marriage contract, in proportion to their numbers, than inside of marriage.

When we experiment in philosophy, or chemistry, or mechanics, or in fact in anything pertaining to the circumstances of life, we keep the best result before the people, and not the failures; but in this social question we keep the failure before the world, and not the successes. Pity, scorn, contempt, and every other expression, is used to convey our disapproval of the failure. If a wife is psychologized by an unmarried man, and leaves her family, it is charged to the account of the marriage law, and the husband is the brute. If a married man runs off with a married woman, it is the marriage contract that is to blame. If idiotic children are born, or deformed ones, it is the result of marriage—the monogamic law. If there chance to spring up before the people one who becomes a leader—a great man in society—who was born outside of the monogamic law, or what is termed bastardy, this subject is held up before the world as the result of "sexual freedom." Is this dealing squarely with the subject?

On the other hand, suppose we point to the other side of the question, and hold before the world the results of the monogamic law of marriage. Let us divide up society into classes. 1. The scum, or that class in the dirt. Are they there because there is a marriage law, and as the result of that law? 2. That class who are self-sustaining, but poor and ignorant. 3. That class who are poor, but intelligent. 4. That class who are well to do, but low in intellect and culture; hence, ignorant. Are all of

these conditions the result of marriage? We answer, no.

Again, let us take another view, or result, viz.: 1. That class who are poor, but honest and tidy with cleanliness, but ignorant. 2. That class, poor, clean, and intelligent. 3. That class well to do, cleanly, yet uncultured. 4. That class well to do, cultured, refined, and social. Are these conditions the result of sexual freedom? or are they the result of married social life?

Would it not be well for us to hold up before the world the happy family circle, with all its social joys, refinement and culture, instead of its failures, as the results of married life. Suppose we make the assertion that in France, where sexual freedom is more fully tolerated than anywhere else, that there are more failures in society than success, and that government is far less stable, and more uncertain, than in England or the United States? and we fully believe this to be true. Is the stability of these governments the result of social sexual freedom, or the result of a stable social married life, with restrictions on sexual freedom? Again, let us call attention to facts. Are there more men and women that reach notoriety, and are successes, born out of wedlock than there are born in wedlock, in the direct proportion of the number born in or under both conditions? Taking the ratio of numbers born in and out of wedlock, let us ask, has illegitimacy produced more great and good men than legitimacy? If so, then the argument belongs to sexual freedom; if not, then it belongs to social married life, under the monogamic law of society. Are there more Washingtons than Napoleons III? Washington, the fruit of the monogamic law; Napoleon III the fruit of sexual freedom. Are the debauches and sensualities of the Prince of Wales the results of marriage? or did they exist before his marriage? Shall we compare his sensual life with the pure and untarnished married life of his noble mother, the queen? We hold not. Let us change base; let us hunt up the happy family circle under the monogamic law of marriage; let us portray their history—the history of love, of truth, of sacred and loving care for the sick, the infirm, and the aged, before the world, and we would find a very different result indeed.

And now let us consider the subject in another light. What is meant by sexual freedom? Is it this—the right to change our companion, male or female, every day? The right to consociate with A, B, or C, provided they are willing, when we please? Does not sexual freedom mean the unrestrained right of male and female to hold sexual relations with each other at pleasure? Come, let us have a full and unequivocal answer. If so, then we are in a state of retrogression. If, however, sexual freedom means anything else, its advocates have hitherto failed to define it. We hold that social freedom is a very different principle, and in no wise allied to sexual freedom. Sexual freedom inevitably leads to lust and degradation; social freedom leads us away from lust, developing the higher, purer nature of man and woman into chastity and virtue. Social freedom in the family, in community, or society, is a desideratum, and society cannot exist without it; therefore the two principles are foreign to each other. Social freedom is the legitimate child of the monogamic law, or marriage, and the reverse is the exception. The ill-treatment of wife, or husband, or children, or the stranger in the house, is the exception and not the rule of married life. The very object of marriage is the cultivation of a high-toned moral and social life—the cementing of social ties that cannot exist outside of the true family circle. Social freedom releases the wife from sexual coercion on the part of the husband, but grants no license to seek sexual relation outside the marriage or family contract. It guarantees the liberty of the husband, the wife, the children. Under its rule, the family circle is heaven on earth, and any violation of the monogamic law, or social life under this law, is not of the marriage contract, but in direct violation of the law and the spirit of the law.

What has become of our friend, T. B. Turney, our opponent in discussion? Why not come to time, brother? or are you hunting for a medium? if so, call at our house.

We commend Messrs. Hazlitt & Reed to the Spiritualists of America, as worthy of their patronage in all things pertaining to printing.

HAS MAN ANY RIGHTS THAT GOD IS BOUND TO RESPECT?

The church says in thunder tones, no! We say, yes! and still live, and our reply is founded on law and order, and written in the statute books of nature.

We find that in the family government children obey and respect their parents in the precise ratio that they are respected; and no parent or parents can expect obedient, loving children, unless the children's rights are considered and respected. The government that does not respect the rights of the subject, soon loses the respect of the subject, or governed. Then comes revolution and reform. The government is overthrown, and the people take the rule into their own hands. The representatives of the people can only command the respect of the people by defending them against oppression, by respecting their rights and carrying out their wishes.

We are the subjects of God. He made us, endowed us with His nature, and made us as first, His necessity, or second, a toy for His amusement or pastime. If the latter, then we are the merest slaves in nature, and lower by far than the brute; for we, the master and owner of the brute, are compelled to respect him, to use him well, and care for him. If, however, we stand in the former relation toward God, and are His necessities, then we are entitled to respect. When the president does not his duty, we remove him and put another in his place. When the king fails in his duty, the people revolutionize, dethrone him, and form a new government. How is it with us when God fails to do His duty? Are we subjects of His? If so, then He is bound to protect us. The devil is His subject, we are His subjects; why has He made the devil our enemy?

We love our family—they love us; and yet there comes a time when God stretches forth His hand and takes from our midst the one most cherished and loved. Wherefore? Because He wished to do so. But suppose I do not want to part with my wife, and she wishes to remain; has God the right to take her against our united will and wish? We answer, no; the church says, yes. You may say that it is so, and we cannot help ourselves. That does not make it right. Chicago was burned; three or four hundred millions lost. It is so. A hundred thousand people were made homeless; fifty millions of church property burned up; commerce destroyed. It is so. Is it right for God to burn out this great city? We say no; you say yes. Give us your reason, dear Christian friend. Has man any right that your God, or any other god, is bound to respect? Let us hear from you.

To all who spitefully use us: please halt in your foolish course and think. Do you know that as we live here, so shall we live hereafter? Spleen and hate are too expensive for us to deal in. Falsehoods are too costly. For eight full months the columns of a certain paper have overflowed with bitter philippics and scandalous personalities, not only against us, but many another. And what has been gained? Not one single vantage ground. The vulgar course of that certain paper has disgusted many a Spiritualist, and cost it thousands of subscribers. Had this paper taken the legitimate and practical way of dealing with its subscribers, and stopped the paper when the trial time of each was up, it would not to-day have 7,000 legitimate subscribers. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has laid down a rule of action, and one that it will not depart from; and that rule is, we will not deal in bitter personalities, and slang words, or nick-names when referring to others, and we wish our correspondents to distinctly understand that this rule will be rigidly enforced. We have an article referring to Mrs. Woodhull, possessing merit, which cannot appear for the reason referred to. While we may and do differ from Mrs. W. in many things, it does not follow that we shall insult her sex or herself by slurring her. You may reply, "She stoops to these things." We answer, very well; it does not follow that we should do so. Also, in Mr. Beecher's case. We believe him guilty of the charges preferred against him; it does not follow, however, that we should add insult to his overburdened soul. Spiritualism teaches us to rise above these things, and we are bound to do so. We have a future before us, and that future will be beautiful and full of sunshine, or dark and bitter, as we choose to make it. For our part, we will work for the beautiful.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Nov. 7th and 8th, we gave many fine tests, among which the following are worthy a place in our columns:

No. 1, to a lady: You are suffering fearfully this evening from pain. It is in the abdomen. You are suffering from cancerous trouble of a delicate nature, and have been for some time. We advise you to try the magnetic treatment of J. B. Rogers, 233 West Washington street, Chicago. We then minutely and carefully described her troubles.

Answer: "You are right in detail and every particular; only I do not think it cancerous."

No. 2, a man—stranger: "There is with you the spirit of a woman, your wife, full describing her in age and time of death."

He replied: "You have correctly described my wife, and are right in dates."

No. 3. There is here the spirit of an old man—fully describing him. He has only been in spirit life but a short time. He looks to me like a Frenchman, and I get the name of Camps. He was recognized as J. Campau, one of the oldest settlers of Grand Rapids.

No. 4, a man—stranger—said, interrupting us, "Read me." In a moment, sir. After a little we said, are you known here? "No, sir; I will answer truly." Very well, we will read you. The father of this man was taller by two inches, darker, and very angular; a positive man; self-willed; drove things, and not disposed to brook control from any one. Yet, he was exceeding sympathetic to all appeals for help. Your mother was a fair, stout woman. You are in many respects like her. She was firm, genial, and kind, and not easily moved from her purpose. You are of a race possessing angular traits of character, given to spasmodic action. You have very fair respect for principles, but your religious scruples are not strong; you make few creedal ideas small. You make respect prayers. Your memory of names not good; of places, fair. Your love of the mirthful well brought out. You are wanting in concentrateness, etc. In history, you individualized at 17 years of age, and have been your own master ever since.

"What ails me?" he asked. After holding his hand a moment, we said: You are threatened with paralysis of the back brain, as well as the nervous spinal column. The cause, 1st, a peculiar action you are in the habit of practicing; 2d, a hurt you received several years ago. I receive what I give you from your sister and mother. Please answer.

"All this man has said is strictly true, and this back brain difficulty is as described. The practice of dissipation is strictly true. How can I remedy this trouble?"

We stated, we never treat disease or prescribe for patients, but say to you break off the habit that is ruining you; be very careful of what you eat, and avoid all excitement; keep your feet warm, your head cool, and use no stimulants whatever.

No. 5. Standing before a beautiful picture in the pleasant home of Sister Barns—the picture of a young boy—we heard his voice speaking out of heaven, saying, "I am immortal." We turned to Mrs. B. and said, "The original of this picture is in spirit life." "Yes," said the mother, "he was killed by the fall of a sand bank."

AT PIERSON, MICH.

Nov. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. In this place we gave many very fine tests.

No. 1, Deacon Decker. Speaking of character as a man, very carefully, we took up his history, viz.: At 8 years of age we find your father's home in sorrow; you are for the first time face to face with death; it is in your home. At 16, full, in your 17th year, you are fully in charge of yourself, and from this time out you hear your own way through life. At 26 you take upon you the cares and responsibility of others; you enter into new relations, ties, influences that are not with you to-day. This change affects you socially, morally, and peculiarly. When 31-2-3, you are in trouble, sorrow, from two causes: 1st, pecuniary trouble; 2d, sickness, causing change. Nine years ago, or about that time, I find you in sorrow and severe trial; loss of property, friends,

and home, causing change locally, and really the cause that brought you to this town. There is with you a spirit woman, who takes a great interest in you, and is well acquainted with your life. She is your wife, and has been in the spirit world several years. Will you tell the people how much of this is true?

"Can you tell what ails me?" No, not now. The deacon came forward, saying: "Friends, I am not a spirit, and never met this man before; but everything he has told me is true. At 8 years of age my father died, and I first felt the blight of death. At 16, I went out into the world alone; at 26, I married; at 31-2-3, I had trouble; later I broke up and came here. The spirit he saw by me was my first wife, and died at the time and age he states. Can you tell me what ails me?" Not to-night; some other time I may do so. At the meeting of the 12th I fully described what ailed him, fixing the locality of the disease, all of which was affirmed.

No. 2. A Mr. Clark, a good Methodist brother, whose history we fully read, gave five incidents in his life. Then came his sister, and a young man, his son. All the statements was fully endorsed by his wife, himself, and others.

No. 3. Ladies and gentlemen, when I came into the house to-night, there met me at the gate an old man, who has been in the spirit world some two years or more—fully describing him. He has relations here, and there are those in this house who knew him. He was at one time a preacher; I judge an itinerant Methodist minister. This man was fully identified, and has children living at Pierson.

No. 4. Sitting in the house of a friend, where there were ten or fifteen persons, we said to Mr. De Yarmond, there is with you two women, both your wives, and are in spirit life, and one of them says her name is Sarah, the one that has been longest in the spirit world.

"Yes, I have lost two wives, and one, the first wife, was named Sarah."

No. 5. To a Mr. Kellum. I hear with you a voice as of a man crying for help. There is great excitement in your family, with sorrow. This happened several years ago, and we hold that a member of your father's home was killed at the time referred to. We learned subsequently that he had a brother who disappeared in New York, and it was supposed was murdered, having never heard from him since.

No. 6. To a stranger: There is with you a woman, fully describing her, giving age at death, and time in spirit life, all of which proved true and to be his sister.

THURSDAY, SEANCE, Nov. 12th, 1874. This seance, at which there were forty-two people, we gave forty-seven tests. After reading character for some time with marvelous correctness, we said: For the next half hour we are going to revel in the past of your lives, and request of those we refer to, that they answer at once and promptly, yes or no—do not favor us in the least.

No. 1. There is with you, sir, a young man from spirit life. He died at eighteen months old, is now 20—fully describing him. "Yes."

No. 2. Your mother is with you; aged 63 at time of death; full description. "Yes."

No. 3. At 16 you fell into a river and was pulled out in a drowned condition; describing the place. "Yes, sir."

No. 4. With you, sir, there is a woman—your aunt, I think, on the mother's side; she has a mole on the forehead, near the hair. "Yes, sir; it was my aunt on my father's side."

No. 5. There is here with this man, a woman who died two years ago at Rockford, Mich. She says that your conclusions in regard to her death are right. She died of childbirth, and knew you. "Yes, sir, it is true."

Thus, reader, we went on, until forty statements were made, and affirmed by those to whom we made them.

TEST FROM MOLINE, ILL.

DEAR BROTHER: I will make a brief statement of what occurred this afternoon in my seance. I said to an elderly gentleman in the audience: "Sir, I see by you a young girl (fully describing her). She is about 16 years old. She informs me that she died of pneumonia, produced by a cold. She calls you father, and wants mother to know she came here." I asked him if he knew her? He said, "I had a daughter, who died last February, and you have described her well."

The spirit then showed me a little brother, now living, saying, "He is a medium." I then carefully described the child, asking him if he

had such a son. He said, "Yes; but may be which was untrue. Then there stood before him an old lady, saying, 'I am his mother; tell him of me and the sore on my face (showing me a fearful one); there is no one who could tell you of me, or give you a description of my face.'" He replied: "Yes, it is my mother; she died of a cancer on the face."

After which there came many spirits, who were fully identified, and only three who were not.

PAULINE W. STEPHENS.

Moline, Ill., November 1, 1874.

Brevities and Comments.

Waverly, N. Y.—Geo. W. Carpenter writes: "I like your paper very much, and will get you as many subscribers as I can. I remitted you on receipt of first number. I had stopped the *Religio* some time ago—had got disgusted with it. My wife's sister was here and saw your paper, and left subscription for it."

We are glad you like our little paper. We are proud of it, and feel that it will become a living institution in our midst. We thank you for the subscriber. Do so again, and oblige.

Midland, Mich.—R. Dunlop, M. D., writes: "I enclose one dollar for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. I have received several numbers and I like it very well. Go on and prosper, you have my best wishes."

We shall go on, brother, and expect to see our paper take its place as a voice speaking spiritual truth forever.

190 Walnut street, Chicago.—M. R. Baker writes: "I do not wish any more *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* sent to me, or my address."

That is the way to talk it, brother; only there is a slight mistake somewhere, for we have no such name as M. R. Baker on our list of Chicago subscribers, or No. 190 Walnut street. If you had sent this notice to the *R.-P. Journal*, it would have inspired Bro. Jones for thirty days.

Cleveland, O.—Dr. B. Cyrias writes: "Enclosed find two dollars for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*."

You are sound on the money question, and we want 10,000 others to do likewise during 1875, and we expect they will. All parties subscribing before the first of January, for the full year, from date of letter or subscription will have back numbers of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* sent them free, if required.

Cleveland, Ohio.—J. H. Powell: Your subscription of \$1 received. Thanks for kind words. We will pay the postage ourselves after December, 1874.

East Bloomfield, N. Y.—F. A. W. Salmon: Your subscription for Stephen Salmon received, and will be attended to, commencing with No. 6.

Rockford, Mich.—Richard Skinner writes: "I have received your paper, *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, No. 6, and I have read it carefully, and am well pleased with its contents, especially with Mrs. Drake's lecture. I think I done well to subscribe for it. I feel as though I could not do well without it. It appears to me to be perfectly independent, regardless of others' views. Brother, that suits me, and I hope you will help to the line, let the chips fly where they may. You will find enclosed pay for six months' subscription, but I think I shan't stop at that, as I now feel."

You can rely on our independence. We work for the truth, and the truth shall make us free. Billingsgate grammar has no place in *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Send us subscribers.

Franklin, Pa.—Alex. Cochran writes: "Herein find P. O. order for \$2, for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Am well pleased with your paper."

Thanks, brother; we work to please; we will not stoop to meanness. Our paper will continue to be published in Chicago—we shall have no office in New York. Address all letters to Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

Sugar Grove, Pa.—L. M. Pratt, Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa., \$2.

No fault, brother, for brevity of letter. Thanks for \$2. Write again.

Several letters remain over for next number.

We lay before our readers in this issue a paper read before the late Woman's Convention, held in this city, entitled, "A Plea for the Fallen," by Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, of Chicago. We speak for it a careful perusal.

On Saturday, Nov. 21st, we received a brief call from Dr. P. B. Randolph. He is on his way to California, where he proposes delivering a course of scientific lectures during the month of December. We wish him God speed.

STANDING THE FIRE.

On the right, in front, in rear, and on the left, we are getting "Hail Columbia." S. S. Jones, Esq., of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, has devoted about one-third of his time for the past nine months in bombarding our castle, and yet it stands. Not a single abrasion made in its walls; not one real friend deserted us. Some weak-kneed ones have stood back, waiting to see who wins, and, like Judas, will win the halter.

2. Bro. Benjamin Todd boils over and bangs away at us through *Our Age*, and the re-bound was very bad for Benjamin—hurt *Our Age* fearfully, and caused Lois Waisbrooket to speak well of us.

3. The Rev. Moses Hull empties a chamber of his revolver full at us, and waits to see us die. Well, well, Moses Hull, we don't die worth a cent.

4. *The Kingdom of Heaven* sends us "home to die," and we live on as if Jesus had never been reincarnated in Thomas Scott, of *The Kingdom of Heaven*.

5. We hear from *The Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* twice inside of four weeks, and a very weak affair indeed. Well, we can stand it. True to our colors, we shall never surrender. Our colors are nailed to the mast; we wear the shoulder-straps of no party, parties, or person. We will not stoop to retaliation, bitterness, or vindictive retorts.

A free platform, free speech, and a free press, does not warrant abuse. We maintain the truth, and the truth has made us free. This freedom of ours is a living fire in our nature, and will ever continue to burn. We have sent *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* to each of the papers referred to. They evidently get them, and read them, and feel our truth; hence the constant fire upon us. But we do not get *The Kingdom of Heaven*, or *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, at our office. We buy a copy each week, or fortnight, or month, as they happen to appear, and then we get hell.

Well, we suppose that it's all right. If it is not to-day, it will be to-morrow, and in the final account we shall win. Only, we do feel obliged to all the parties referred to, for furnishing matter, brain-thought for the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Well, the paper needs it; or at least we think so, from the frantic appeal in the number dated Nov. 14th, for subscribers to send up postage money or the *R.-P. J.* will stop. Well, friends, let her "stop;" we will send you *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* for two dollars a year, postage paid, after December, 1874, so don't be alarmed about your spiritual food.

And now, to our contemporaries, let us cease this fighting each other; let us be an example to the world; let us do right, and our readers will like us all the better for it.

OBITUARY.

Passed to higher life, at McHenry, McHenry Co., Ill., on the 3d inst., in the sixtieth year of her age, Mrs. Juliett Howard, wife of Dr. O. J. Howard, and daughter of Joel Gould, of St. Lawrence Co., town of Hopkinton, State of New York.

The deceased was a confirmed, intelligent Spiritualist, and passed on in the full expectation of realizing in the life beyond, in the society of friends there, who have passed on before, that enjoyment which is the reward of a well spent, virtuous life here. The Rev. J. O. Barrett attended the funeral, and tendered to the friends that consolation which the gospel of Spiritualism alone affords the bereaved heart.

Farewell, dear Juliett Howard. May your life there be as happy as it was pure, noble, and good here.

GEO. GAGE.

McHenry, Nov. 15, 1874.

Spiritual papers please copy.

Our Sister Howard, so good and true, has passed on before us—entered life. All who knew her, knew her to love her. When last we saw her she was in poor health, but cheerful and loving. It was in June—in the ante-room of the opera hall, on Sunday. She stooped and kissed Mrs. Milo Porter's baby, saying, "I love these pure little ones." Mrs. Porter, after looking at her a few moments, said, "Mrs. Howard, you are not well." "No; I am not well. I do not think I have long to stay." "No; I do not think you have." On the 4th of November we met J. W. Smith, Esq., in Chicago, who informed us that Sister Howard had passed away on the 3d. On reaching home, Thursday evening, we found Mrs. Porter at our house. When we told her of Sister Howard's translation to a higher life, she calmly replied, "Yes, I know it. I saw her yesterday morning. She came into my room, full of love, kissed my baby as she did last June in Chicago. She looked up, her eyes full of love, and passed out of the house."

Bro. Howard has our sympathy in his sorrow, and with his many friends we mourn our loss, in the removal of Sister Howard from our midst. And yet we know she is not dead, but gone on before us. "Precious is her memory; the remembrance of her goodness shall be as a healing balm."

"And oh, when life is ended, and she waits On this bright threshold of the blessed for us, How like the sweet accustoming will be The far-felt luster of that look of love! And how like our remembered welcomes home, Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven."

efforts to maintain meetings in Chicago, published by the *R.-P. Journal*.

The meetings at Grow's opera hall have been well attended, and with increasing audiences. On Sunday the 1st inst, we gave our ninth seance in Chicago. Receipts \$58, and many came in free. We have given nine seances in Chicago since the 1st of March, 1874, to date, Nov. 16th; averaging \$61.37. If this is throwing us overboard in Chicago, we wish all other places we visit would serve us in the same way. But the gist of this *Times* report is in who tells the truth, the *R.-P. Journal* or *The Chicago Times*. Let us quote from each, referring to the Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists.

The *R.-P. Journal* remarks: "They have held their last four meetings in Chicago at Grow's opera house, a place controlled, to the disgrace of the great mass of Spiritualists of Chicago, by a nest of professed Spiritualists, who throw all their influence in favor of the great Woodhull infamy."—*R.-P. J.*, vol. 17, no. 9. Now listen to *The Chicago Times*, of which S. S. Jones has said: "*The Times* is a live paper, and means to deal fairly with Spiritualism"—*R.-P. J.*, vol. 17, no. 9, first page, fourth column: "Yesterday morning Mrs. A. H. Colby, the Spiritualist lecturer, delivered a lecture in Grow's opera house, on 'The Foundation of Spiritualism.' The body of the hall was crowded with an intelligent and appreciative audience."

Readers, while the *R.-P. Journal*, and its editors, has puffed and praised *The Chicago Times*, as well as intimated that through the high-toned example "of this paper," *The Times*, as well as other prominent papers in Chicago, were now publishing facts to the people in regard to Spiritualism. *The Times* has once, and only once, so far as we can find out, referred to the *R.-P. Journal* and its editor. We would like to know who tells the truth, *The Chicago Times* or the *R.-P. Journal*?

We quote a most glaring falsehood from the *R.-P. Journal*, vol. 17, no. 9: "The Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists, officered by E. V. Wilson and Mrs. Severance and others, cannot get the least encouragement for a meeting by the Spiritualists in any county in the State."

Reader, we hold an invitation from Belvidere and McHenry, for us to come to their places with our next meeting, besides we have already paid for our hall rent, paid our speakers, and boarded the multitude at every Convention held, save one. At St. Charles we occupied the Universalist church, as we supposed, free of charge; and many of us slept on the floor in one of S. S. Jones' old houses, and paid S. S. Jones a bill of some \$40 or \$50 for supplies purchased and used in this old house. Now, we say that S. S. Jones did not pay one dollar of it, nor did he entertain any of the speakers. And we further state, that every word published in number nine, volume seventeen, of his paper, in regard to the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, and the N. I. A. of S., are malevolent, vindictive and utterly false, and we are ready to prove it.

Mrs. Colby is one of the many who have suffered at this man's hands, through the columns of his paper, as has every speaker, writer, medium, seer, or society, that does not bow to his dictum, and share their hard earnings with him. We tell you, Spiritualists of America, that the *R.-P. Journal* and its editor, S. S. Jones, Esq., has done more to divide the Spiritualists of America than all the Woodhulls, Hulls, Wilsons, and Jamiesons combined.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera Hall, 517 West Madison street, Chicago, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, 1875. The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock on Friday morning, January 8th, and continue over Sunday, the 10th.

The Convention will be conducted under strict parliamentary usages. We invite written articles on Spiritualism, and subjects germane to humanity, to be forwarded to us to be read before our society.

The best talent in the land will be present, including seers, speakers, healers, writing and physical mediums.

Spiritualists of the West, come to this Convention. Let us make it the *Convention of the West*. Remember our platform is a free one, and speakers will find themselves untrammelled.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.
E. V. WILSON, Secretary.
Lombard, Ill., Nov. 30, 1874.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DU-PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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SOCIAL LIFE, REFORM, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

We have read with a great deal of interest the thoughts of all the writers on these subjects, and have listened to many, if not all, of the speakers, with marked interest. And while there has been many, very many good things said on the radical side; many errors pointed out; many valuable reforms suggested; there has not been presented any plan that will take the place of the monogamic relation, or the family circle and marriage contract.

For years there has been restlessness manifested in many, too many family circles; too many married people are dissatisfied with their married life, and resort to the divorce courts for relief, and yet marry again in a few days, or have been living in unholy and unchaste relations before applying for divorce; and we hold that this assumption is the rule, and not the exception. The radical side, or advocates of "sexual freedom," demand "untrammelled lives, perfect freedom, socially and sexually," as well as the abolition "of all man-made laws." And in defense of these demands, as well as why they should be conceded or carried out, continually point to the "wife beater," to the "wife murdered," and other abuses, terrible to contemplate, as the result of married life. The woman cast off by her husband, the family beggared and deserted, are so much capital stock in trade, and this capital is exhibited in no stinted measure, as well as heralded to the world as the results of man-made laws, or of the marriage contract, and man, the cause, and married men the brutes in human form, the authors of all these crimes.

Is this true? Are men alone to blame? Are there no women who do wrong? do they never scold, find fault, desert their homes, their children, or murder their husbands? What proportion of public women, or prostitutes, become so before marriage? and what proportion after marriage? How is it with those men and women who are living together outside of marriage? do they ever quarrel, separate, or kill each other? We venture the assertion that there are more women killed by the men who keep them—more men killed by women who live with them, outside of the marriage contract, in proportion to their numbers, than inside of marriage.

When we experiment in philosophy, or chemistry, or mechanics, or in fact in anything pertaining to the circumstances of life, we keep the best result before the people, and not the failures; but in this social question we keep the failure before the world, and not the successes. Pity, scorn, contempt, and every other expression, is used to convey our disapproval of the failure. If a wife is psychologized by an unmarried man, and leaves her family, it is charged to the account of the marriage law, and the husband is the brute. If a married man runs off with a married woman, it is the marriage contract that is to blame. If idiotic children are born, or deformed ones, it is the result of marriage—the monogamic law. If there chance to spring up before the people one who becomes a leader—a great man in society—who was born outside of the monogamic law, or what is termed bastardy, this subject is held up before the world as the result of "sexual freedom." Is this dealing squarely with the subject?

On the other hand, suppose we point to the other side of the question, and hold before the world the results of the monogamic law of marriage. Let us divide up society into classes. 1. The scum, or that class in the dirt. Are they there because there is a marriage law, and as the result of that law? 2. That class who are self-sustaining, but poor and ignorant. 3. That class who are poor, but intelligent. 4. That class who are well to do, but low in intellect and culture; hence, ignorant. Are all of

these conditions the result of marriage? We answer, no.

Again, let us take another view, or result, viz.: 1. That class who are poor, but honest and tidy with cleanliness, but ignorant. 2. That class, poor, clean, and intelligent. 3. That class well to do, cleanly, yet uncultured. 4. That class well to do, cultured, refined, and social. Are these conditions the result of sexual freedom? or are they the result of married social life?

Would it not be well for us to hold up before the world the happy family circle, with all its social joys, refinement and culture, instead of its failures, as the results of married life. Suppose we make the assertion that in France, where sexual freedom is more fully tolerated than anywhere else, that there are more failures in society than success, and that government is far less stable, and more uncertain, than in England or the United States? and we fully believe this to be true. Is the stability of these governments the result of social sexual freedom, or the result of a stable social married life, with restrictions on sexual freedom? Again, let us call attention to facts. Are there more men and women that reach notoriety, and are successes, born out of wedlock than there are born in wedlock, in the direct proportion of the number born in or under both conditions? Taking the ratio of numbers born in and out of wedlock, let us ask, has illegitimacy produced more great and good men than legitimacy? If so, then the argument belongs to sexual freedom; if not, then it belongs to social married life, under the monogamic law of society. Are there more Washingtons than Napoleons III? Washington, the fruit of the monogamic law; Napoleon III the fruit of sexual freedom. Are the debauches and sensualities of the Prince of Wales the results of marriage? or did they exist before his marriage? Shall we compare his sensual life with the pure and untarnished married life of his noble mother, the queen? We hold not. Let us change base; let us hunt up the happy family circle under the monogamic law of marriage; let us portray their history—the history of love, of truth, of sacred and loving care for the sick, the infirm, and the aged, before the world, and we would find a very different result indeed.

And now let us consider the subject in another light. What is meant by sexual freedom? Is it this—the right to change our companion, male or female, every day? The right to consociate with A, B, or C, provided they are willing, when we please? Does not sexual freedom mean the unrestrained right of male and female to hold sexual relations with each other at pleasure? Come, let us have a full and unequivocal answer. If so, then we are in a state of retrogression. If, however, sexual freedom means anything else, its advocates have hitherto failed to define it. We hold that social freedom is a very different principle, and in no wise allied to sexual freedom. Sexual freedom inevitably leads to lust and degradation; social freedom leads us away from lust, developing the higher, purer nature of man and woman into chastity and virtue. Social freedom in the family, in community, or society, is a desideratum, and society cannot exist without it; therefore the two principles are foreign to each other. Social freedom is the legitimate child of the monogamic law, or marriage, and the reverse is the exception. The ill-treatment of wife, or husband, or children, or the stranger in the house, is the exception and not the rule of married life. The very object of marriage is the cultivation of a high-toned moral and social life—the cementing of social ties that cannot exist outside of the true family circle. Social freedom releases the wife from sexual coercion on the part of the husband, but grants no license to seek sexual relation outside the marriage or family contract. It guarantees the liberty of the husband, the wife, the children. Under its rule, the family circle is heaven on earth, and any violation of the monogamic law, or social life under this law, is not of the marriage contract, but in direct violation of the law and the spirit of the law.

What has become of our friend, T. B. Turney, our opponent in discussion? Why not come to time, brother? or are you hunting for a medium? if so, call at our house.

We commend Messrs. Hazlitt & Reed to the Spiritualists of America, as worthy of their patronage in all things pertaining to printing.

HAS MAN ANY RIGHTS THAT GOD IS BOUND TO RESPECT?

The church says in thunder tones, no! We say, yes! and still live, and our reply is founded on law and order, and written in the statute books of nature.

We find that in the family government children obey and respect their parents in the precise ratio that they are respected; and no parent or parents can expect obedient, loving children, unless the children's rights are considered and respected. The government that does not respect the rights of the subject, soon loses the respect of the subject, or governed. Then comes revolution and reform. The government is overthrown, and the people take the rule into their own hands. The representatives of the people can only command the respect of the people by defending them against oppression, by respecting their rights and carrying out their wishes.

We are the subjects of God. He made us, endowed us with His nature, and made us as first, His necessity, or second, a toy for His amusement or pastime. If the latter, then we are the merest slaves in nature, and lower by far than the brute; for we, the master and owner of the brute, are compelled to respect him, to use him well, and care for him. If, however, we stand in the former relation toward God, and are His necessities, then we are entitled to respect. When the president does not his duty, we remove him and put another in his place. When the king fails in his duty, the people revolutionize, dethrone him, and form a new government. How is it with us when God fails to do His duty? Are we subjects of His? If so, then He is bound to protect us. The devil is His subject, we are His subjects; why has He made the devil our enemy?

We love our family—they love us; and yet there comes a time when God stretches forth His hand and takes from our midst the one most cherished and loved. Wherefore? Because He wished to do so. But suppose I do not want to part with my wife, and she wishes to remain; has God the right to take her against our united will and wish? We answer, no; the church says, yes. You may say that it is so, and we cannot help ourselves. That does not make it right. Chicago was burned; three or four hundred millions lost. It is so. A hundred thousand people were made homeless; fifty millions of church property burned up; commerce destroyed. It is so. Is it right for God to burn out this great city? We say no; you say yes. Give us your reason, dear Christian friend. Has man any right that your God, or any other god, is bound to respect? Let us hear from you.

To all who dispitely use us: please halt in your foolish course and think. Do you know that as we live here, so shall we live hereafter? Spleen and hate are too expensive for us to deal in. Falsehoods are too costly. For eight full months the columns of a certain paper have overflowed with bitter philippics and scandalous personalities, not only against us, but many another. And what has been gained? Not one single vantage ground. The vulgar course of that certain paper has disgusted many a Spiritualist, and cost it thousands of subscribers. Had this paper taken the legitimate and practical way of dealing with its subscribers, and stopped the paper when the trial time of each was up, it would not to-day have 7,000 legitimate subscribers. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has laid down a rule of action, and one that it will not depart from; and that rule is, we will not deal in bitter personalities, and slang words, or nick-names when referring to others, and we wish our correspondents to distinctly understand that this rule will be rigidly enforced. We have an article referring to Mrs. Woodhull, possessing merit, which cannot appear for the reason referred to. While we may and do differ from Mrs. W. in many things, it does not follow that we shall insult her sex or herself by slurring her. You may reply, "She stoops to these things." We answer, very well; it does not follow that we should do so. Also, in Mr. Beecher's case. We believe him guilty of the charges preferred against him; it does not follow, however, that we should add insult to his overburdened soul.

Spiritualism teaches us to rise above these things, and we are bound to do so. We have a future before us, and that future will be beautiful and full of sunshine, or dark and bitter, as we choose to make it. For our part, we will work for the beautiful.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Nov. 7th and 8th, we gave many fine tests, among which the following are worthy a place in our columns:

No. 1, to a lady: You are suffering fearfully this evening from pain. It is in the abdomen. You are suffering from cancerous trouble of a delicate nature, and have been for some time. We advise you to try the magnetic treatment of J. B. Rogers, 233 West Washington street, Chicago. We then minutely and carefully described her troubles.

Answer: "You are right in detail and every particular; only I do not think it cancerous."

No. 2, a man—stranger: "There is with you the spirit of a woman, your wife, full describing her in age and time of death."

He replied: "You have correctly described my wife, and are right in dates."

No. 3. There is here the spirit of an old man—fully describing him. He has only been in spirit life but a short time. He looks to me like a Frenchman, and I get the name of Camps. He was recognized as J. Campau, one of the oldest settlers of Grand Rapids.

No. 4, a man—stranger—said, interrupting us, "Read me." In a moment, sir. After a little we said, are you known here? "No, sir; I will answer truly." Very well, we will read you. The father of this man was taller by two inches, darker, and very angular; a positive man; self-willed; drove things, and not disposed to brook control from any one. Yet, he was exceeding sympathetic to all appeals for help. Your mother was a fair, stout woman. You are in many respects like her. She was firm, genial, and kind, and not easily moved from her purpose. You are of a race possessing angular traits of character, given to spasmodic action. You have very fair respect for principles, but your religious scruples are not strong; your respect for creedal ideas small. You make few prayers. Your memory of names not good; of places, fair. Your love of the mirthful well brought out. You are wanting in concentrativeness, etc. In history, you individualized at 17 years of age, and have been your own master ever since.

"What ails me?" he asked. After holding his hand a moment, we said: You are threatened with paralysis of the back brain, as well as the nervous spinal column. The cause, 1st, a peculiar dissipation you are in the habit of practicing; 2d, a hurt you received several years ago. I receive what I give you from your sister and mother. Please answer.

"All this man has said is strictly true, and this back brain difficulty is as described. The practice of dissipation is strictly true. How can I remedy this trouble?"

We stated, we never treat disease or prescribe for patients, but say to you break off the habit that is ruining you; be very careful of what you eat, and avoid all excitement; keep your feet warm, your head cool, and use no stimulants whatever.

No. 5. Standing before a beautiful picture in the pleasant home of Sister Barns—the picture of a young boy—we heard his voice speaking out of heaven, saying, "I am immortal." We turned to Mrs. B. and said, "The original of this picture is in spirit life." "Yes," said the mother, "he was killed by the fall of a sand bank."

AT PIERSON, MICH.

Nov. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. In this place we gave many very fine tests.

No. 1, Deacon Decker. Speaking of character as a man, very carefully, we took up his history, viz.: At 8 years of age we find your father's home in sorrow; you are for the first time face to face with death; it is in your home. At 16, full, in your 17th year, you are fully in charge of yourself, and from this time out you hew your own way through life. At 26 you take upon you the cares and responsibility of others; you enter into new relations, ties, influences that are not with you to-day. This change affects you socially, morally, and pecuniarily. When 31-2-3, you are in trouble, sorrow, from two causes: 1st, pecuniary trouble; 2d, sickness, causing change. Nine years ago, or about that time, I find you in sorrow and severe trial; loss of property, friends,

and home, causing change locally, and really the cause that brought you to this town. There is with you a spirit woman, who takes a great interest in you, and is well acquainted with your life. She is your wife, and has been in the spirit world several years. Will you tell the people how much of this is true?

"Can you tell what ails me?" No, not now. The deacon came forward, saying: "Friends, I am not a Spiritualist, and never met this man before; but everything he has told me is true. At 8 years of age my father died, and I first felt the blight of death. At 16, I went out into the world alone; at 26, I married; at 31-2-3, I had trouble; later I broke up and came here. The spirit he saw by me was my first wife, and died at the time and age he states. Can you tell me what ails me?" Not to-night; some other time I may do so. At the meeting of the 12th I fully described what ailed him, fixing the locality of the disease, all of which was affirmed.

No. 2. A Mr. Clark, a good Methodist brother, whose history we fully read, gave five incidents in his life. Then came his sister, and a young man, his son. All the statements were fully endorsed by his wife, himself, and others.

No. 3. Ladies and gentlemen, when I came into the house to-night, there met me at the gate an old man, who has been in the spirit world some two years or more—fully describing him. He has relations here, and there are those in this house who knew him. He was at one time a preacher; I judge an itinerant Methodist minister. This man was fully identified, and has children living at Pierson.

No. 4. Sitting in the house of a friend, where there were ten or fifteen persons, we said to Mr. De Yarmond, there is with you two women, both your wives, and are in spirit life, and one of them says her name is Sarah, the one that has been longest in the spirit world.

"Yes, I have lost two wives, and one, the first wife, was named Sarah."

No. 5. To a Mr. Kellum. I hear with you a voice as of a man crying for help. There is great excitement in your family, with sorrow. This happened several years ago, and we hold that a member of your father's home was killed at the time referred to. We learned subsequently that he had a brother who disappeared in New York, and it was supposed was murdered, having never heard from him since.

No. 6. To a stranger: There is with you a woman, fully describing her, giving age at death, and time in spirit life, all of which proved true and to be his sister.

THURSDAY, SEANCE, Nov. 12th, 1874. This seance, at which there were forty-two people, we gave forty-seven tests. After reading character for some time with marvelous correctness, we said: For the next half hour we are going to revel in the past of your lives, and request of those we refer to, that they answer at once and promptly, yes or no—do not favor us in the least.

No. 1. There is with you, sir, a young man from spirit life. He died at eighteen months old, is now 20—fully describing him. "Yes."

No. 2. Your mother is with you; aged 63 at time of death; full description. "Yes."

No. 3. At 16 you fell into a river and was pulled out in a drowned condition; describing the place. "Yes, sir."

No. 4. With you, sir, there is a woman—your aunt, I think, on the mother's side; she has a mole on the forehead, near the hair. "Yes, sir; it was my aunt on my father's side."

No. 5. There is here with this man, a woman who died two years ago at Rockford, Mich. She says that your conclusions in regard to her death are right. She died of childbirth, and knew you. "Yes, sir, it is true."

Thus, reader, we went on, until forty statements were made, and affirmed by those to whom we made them.

TEST FROM MOLINE, ILL.

DEAR BROTHER: I will make a brief statement of what occurred this afternoon in my seance. I said to an elderly gentleman in the audience: "Sir, I see by you a young girl (fully describing her). She is about 16 years old. She informs me that she died of pneumonia, produced by a cold. She calls you father, and wants mother to know she came here." I asked him if he knew her? He said, "I had a daughter, who died last February, and you have described her well."

The spirit then showed me a little brother, now living, saying, "He is a medium." I then carefully described the child, asking him if he

had such a son. He said, "Yes; but may be somebody has told you about my family," which was untrue. Then there stood before him an old lady, saying, "I am his mother; tell him of me and the sore on my face (showing me a fearful one); there is no one who could tell you of me, or give you a description of my face." He replied: "Yes, it is my mother; she died of a cancer on the face."

After which there came many spirits, who were fully identified, and only three who were not.

PAULINE W. STEPHENS.

Moline, Ill., November 1, 1874.

Brevities and Comments.

Waverly, N. Y.—Geo. W. Carpenter writes: "I like your paper very much, and will get you as many subscribers as I can. I remitted you on receipt of first number. I had stopped the *Religio* some time ago—had got disgusted with it. My wife's sister was here and saw your paper, and left subscription for it."

We are glad you like our little paper. We are proud of it, and feel that it will become a living institution in our midst. We thank you for the subscriber. Do so again, and oblige.

Midland, Mich.—R. Dunlop, M. D., writes: "I enclose one dollar for *SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. I have received several numbers and I like it very well. Go on and prosper, you have my best wishes."

We shall go on, brother, and expect to see our paper take its place as a voice speaking spiritual truth forever.

190 Walnut street, Chicago.—M. R. Baker writes: "I do not wish any more *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* sent to me, or my address."

That is the way to talk it, brother; only there is a slight mistake somewhere, for we have no such name as M. R. Baker on our list of Chicago subscribers, or No. 190 Walnut street. If you had sent this notice to the *R.-P. Journal*, it would have inspired Bro. Jones for thirty days.

Cleveland, O.—Dr. B. Cyrias writes: "Enclosed find two dollars for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*."

You are sound on the money question, and we want 10,000 others to do likewise during 1875, and we expect they will. All parties subscribing before the first of January, for the full year, from date of letter or subscription will have back numbers of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* sent them free, if required.

Cleveland, Ohio.—J. H. Powel: Your subscription of \$1 received. Thanks for kind words. We will pay the postage ourselves after December, 1874.

East Bloomfield, N. Y.—F. A. W. Salmon: Your subscription for Stephen Salmon received, and will be attended to, commencing with No. 6.

Rockford, Mich.—Richard Skinner writes: "I have received your paper, *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, No. 6, and I have read it carefully, and am well pleased with its contents, especially with Mrs. Drake's lecture. I think I done well to subscribe for it. I feel as though I could not do well without it. It appears to me to be perfectly independent, regardless of others' views. Brother, that suits me, and I hope you will hew to the line, let the chips fly where they may. You will find enclosed pay for six months' subscription, but I think I shan't stop at that, as I now feel."

You can rely on our independence. We work for the truth, and the truth shall make us free. Billingsgate grammar has no place in *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Send us subscribers.

Franklin, Pa.—Alex. Cochran writes: "Herein find P. O. order for \$2, for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Am well pleased with your paper."

Thanks, brother; we work to please; we will not stoop to meanness. Our paper will continue to be published in Chicago—we shall have no office in New York. Address all letters to Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

Sugar Grove, Pa.—L. M. Pratt, Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa., \$2.

No fault, brother, for brevity of letter. Thanks for \$2. Write again.

Several letters remain over for next number.

We lay before our readers in this issue a paper read before the late Womans' Convention, held in this city, entitled, "A Plea for the Fallen," by Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, of Chicago. We speak for it a careful perusal.

On Saturday, Nov. 21st, we received a brief call from Dr. P. B. Randolph. He is on his way to California, where he proposes delivering a course of scientific lectures during the month of December. We wish him God speed.

STANDING THE FIRE.

On the right, in front, in rear, and on the left, we are getting "Hail Columbia." S. S. Jones, Esq., of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, has devoted about one-third of his time for the past nine months in bombarding our castle, and yet it stands. Not a single abrasion made in its walls; not one real friend deserted us. Some weak-kneed ones have stood back, waiting to see who wins, and, like Judas, will win the halter.

2. Bro. Benjamin Todd boils over and bangs away at us through *Our Age*, and the re-bound was very bad for Benjamin—hurt *Our Age* fearfully, and caused Lois Waisbrooker to speak well of us.

3. The Rev. Moses Hull empties a chamber of his revolver full at us, and waits to see us die. Well, well, Moses Hull, we don't die worth a cent.

4. *The Kingdom of Heaven* sends us "home to die," and we live on as if Jesus had never been reincarnated in Thomas Scott, of *The Kingdom of Heaven*.

5. We hear from *The Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* twice inside of four weeks, and a very weak affair indeed. Well, we can stand it. True to our colors, we shall never surrender. Our colors are nailed to the mast; we wear the shoulder-straps of no party, parties, or person. We will not stoop to retaliation, bitterness, or vindictive retorts.

A free platform, free speech, and a free press, does not warrant abuse. We maintain the truth, and the truth has made us free. This freedom of ours is a living fire in our nature, and will ever continue to burn. We have sent *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* to each of the papers referred to. They evidently get them, and read them, and feel our truth; hence the constant fire upon us. But we do not get *The Kingdom of Heaven*, or *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, at our office. We buy a copy each week, or fortnight, or month, as they happen to appear, and then we get hell.

Well, we suppose that it's all right. If it is not to-day, it will be to-morrow, and in the final account we shall win. Only, we do feel obliged to all the parties referred to, for furnishing matter, brain-thought for the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Well, the paper needs it; or at least we think so, from the frantic appeal in the number dated Nov. 14th, for subscribers to send up postage money or the *R.-P. J.* will stop. Well, friends, let her "stop;" we will send you *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* for two dollars a year, postage paid, after December, 1874, so don't be alarmed about your spiritual food.

And now, to our contemporaries, let us cease this fighting each other; let us be an example to the world; let us do right, and our readers will like us all the better for it.

OBITUARY.

Passed to higher life, at McHenry, McHenry Co., Ill., on the 3d inst., in the sixtieth year of her age, Mrs. Juliett Howard, wife of Dr. O. J. Howard, and daughter of Joel Gould, of St. Lawrence Co., town of Hopkinton, State of New York.

The deceased was a confirmed, intelligent Spiritualist, and passed on in the full expectation of realizing in the life beyond, in the society of friends there, who have passed on before, that enjoyment which is the reward of a well spent, virtuous life here. The Rev. J. O. Barrett attended the funeral, and tendered to the friends that consolation which the gospel of Spiritualism alone affords the bereaved heart.

Farewell, dear Juliett Howard. May your life there be as happy as it was pure, noble, and good here.

GEO. GAGE.

McHenry, Nov. 15, 1874.

Spiritual papers please copy.

Our Sister Howard, so good and true, has passed on before us—entered life. All who knew her, knew her to love her. When last we saw her she was in poor health, but cheerful and loving. It was in June—in the ante-room of the opera hall, on Sunday. She stooped and kissed Mrs. Milo Porter's baby, saying, "I love these pure little ones." Mrs. Porter, after looking at her a few moments, said, "Mrs. Howard, you are not well." "No; I am not well. I do not think I have long to stay." "No; I do not think you have." On the 4th of November we met J. W. Smith, Esq., in Chicago, who informed us that Sister Howard had passed away on the 3d. On reaching home, Thursday evening, we found Mrs. Porter at our house. When we told her of Sister Howard's translation to a higher life, she calmly replied, "Yes, I know it. I saw her yesterday morning. She came into my room, full of love, kissed my baby as she did last June in Chicago. She looked up, her eyes full of love, and passed out of the house."

Bro. Howard has our sympathy in his sorrow, and with his many friends we mourn our loss, in the removal of Sister Howard from our midst. And yet we know she is not dead, but gone on before us. "Precious is her memory; the remembrance of her goodness shall be as a healing balm."

"And oh, when life is ended, and she waits On the bright threshold of the blessed for us, How like the sweet accompaniment will be The far-felt luster of that look of love! And how like our remembered welcomes home, Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven."

NOT LOST.

Being rooted like trees in one place,
Our brain foliage tossed
Like the leaves of the trees that are caught
By the four winds of heaven, some thought
Blows out of the world into space
And seems lost.

We fret, the mind labors, heart bleeds;
We believe and we fear,
We believe and we hope, in a lie,
Or a truth; or we doubt till we die.
Purblindly examining creeds
With a sneer.

To life we apply an inch rule
And to its bestower:
Each to self an infallible priest,
Each struts to the top of the feast,
And says to his brother, "Thou fool,
Go down lower."

But fall'n like trees from our place—
Hid, imbedded, emossed—
Our dead leaves are raked up for mould;
And some that were sun-ripe and gold,
Blown out of the world into space,
Are not lost.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WELL PLEASED.

And now, dear brother, I must tell you how well pleased I am with the paper. I hope and expect much from its success, but the battle is not half over yet. Enemies multiply, and wherever there is a weak point they will find it. This condition will compel you to surround yourself with such forces, internal and external, as may be necessary to make it a *standard sheet*. Success once achieved in this enterprise, as it most assuredly will be, after the ground has all been fought over and every conceivable obstacle overcome, it will be found to be but the beginning of a work that will carry consternation into the camps of error, while it lifts the cloud of darkness that broods so many suffering hearts.

Personally, you are passing through a critical condition in your relations to the people with whom your work is directly associated. But you doubtless hear enough of this kind of talk in your travels, and I won't trouble you further with it.

I hope to be able to do more for you by and by, but cannot promise. I long to be more actively engaged in the vineyard of Spiritual truth, but welcome poverty, hunger and cold, if necessary to enable spirituality to take root and unfold its sacred harmonies in the material conditions of human life. I gratefully appreciate the courtesies extended to me through the columns of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and hope to amply compensate you for every word spoken or written in my behalf in the future. I will answer calls to lecture, giving psychometric tests in public, and the same in private to families or groups of friends, with advice in regard to health, habits, and life pursuits, presenting the claims of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK wherever I go, and I trust there will soon be more *working Spiritualists* to second the efforts of the angel world in behalf of our ignorant and suffering humanity. There is work to do on every hand, and it is a bitter, bitter trial to be held as I am, by circumstances, in comparative inaction. Do not think that I am complaining! Oh! no! I am only frank, and I feel perfectly sure that the cordon of opposing influences will soon break under the pressure that is being brought to bear upon them, and I shall stand forth side by side with you and others, recognized and known as a standard bearer in the grand army of spiritual truth and progress.

Last Saturday and Sunday (7th and 8th inst.) I attended the Mediums' and Speakers' Quarterly Convention, at Jamestown in this State, which was a decided success so far as numbers and interest were concerned, but financially speaking the success was not so marked. A very careful report was made out by the secretary, Mrs. Sarah A. Burtis, of Rochester, and forwarded to the *Banner of Light*. It would help you in this section to copy it. My present home duties will not permit me to report it further now. Sometime I may refer to some phases of work presented at the Convention. The next Quarterly Meeting will be held at Laona, Chaut. Co., N. Y., the first Saturday and Sunday in February next, when I will try to make out a report for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, if present.

Truly and fraternally yours,
M. M. TOUSEY.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Will Brother Wilson kindly pardon my seeming neglect, and the promise I made him to send an article for the first number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK? It has been no intentional neglect, however, but life, with its

multiplicity of cares, toils, and crosses, press so heavily upon me at times as to doubly occupy the fleeting moments, and almost wholly obscure the bright gleams of inspiration, which at other times and conditions occasionally lights my pathway.

To-day, the first of November, dawns cold, dark, and dreary; a strange, though not unexpected, contrast to the lovely October days, which were, I think, the warmest and most beautiful I ever beheld at this season of the year. The hazy, mazy "Indian summer days," with clear blue skies and soft, balmy air, were delightfully comfortable and truly enjoyable. Sometimes a tiny neglected bud, kissed into courage and confidence, developed into a lovely flower, beneath the notice cast from the warm, genial rays of the glorious sun. Ever and anon, we cast an admiring gaze upon the gorgeous foliage of the trees, whereon the contrast of colors, from ruddy brown to yellow crimson, red and gold, present a soft and beautiful blending of tints and shades, most charming to behold.

I try to read in Nature's works
The lessons therein grandly taught;
And thank an All-Wise power beyond
For life—though oft with sorrow fraught.
As the Autumn frost but giveth
Fairer tints unto the trees,
Many varied beauties lending
To the distant foliage;
So may life—its shadows ever
To our minds new beauties bring,
Till we cease to sigh and sorrow,
And with heart-felt praises sing.

With the falling leaves and fading flowers, the Angel Death has gathered into "the harvest home above" many an aged sire or matron of our love and care; among whom the noble and estimable mother of our departed brother, A. B. Whiting, we are called to number. Her death occurred Oct. 11th, after a brief illness. The funeral services were conducted by A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, assisted by Nellie L. Davis, of Mass. Our sympathies are deeply called out for Miss R. Augusta Whiting, doubly bereft, and almost wholly alone in the world; as she is left without a single near relative; yet, with her firm belief in "angel ministry," we know she does not feel alone and forsaken.

We attended the funeral of Mrs. W., Oct. 13th. Having with us the last number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, we exhibited the same, with pride and pleasure, to Bro. French, who, being a man of *legal pretensions*, looked it over in a very critical, business-like way, and pronounced it "good—first-rate;" and expressed his well wishes and solicitude for your success.

We are pleased to see in the last number mention of Mrs. L. E. Drake, as also the publication of her very able lecture. We have known Mrs. D. intimately, from our babyhood, and feel it only her just due to declare her to be one of the noblest and truest of women, one possessing great attraction both in mind and manners. We are proud of you, Sister L. Go ahead!

Parker Pillsbury, that veteran in the ranks, has filled the platform at Battle Creek for the two past Sundays. We consider his efforts equal to anything we have ever heard, but want of time forbids our giving a synopsis of the same. Efforts are being made to secure his services for half of the Sundays during the entire winter.

Nellie L. Davis speaks here the two first Sundays of the month, after which she goes to San Francisco. We bespeak for her a hearty welcome there, as elsewhere. She gives general satisfaction; indeed, is a great favorite, and highly beloved by all.

Yours for truth, MRS. L. E. BAILEY.
Battle Creek, Mich.

WEYAUWEGA, WIS., Nov. 5, 1874.

FRIEND WILSON: Wonders never cease—Mrs. Parry has given us three lectures here. The two first in the Presbyterian church. The deacons objected for the third evening, lest she might spring Spiritualism upon the church. The indignation of the audience at the church (*very large by the way*) was great at the refusal of church. Tarbell's Hall was crammed on Monday evening. The first lecture was "Crime and Criminals;" the second, "The Coming Church,"—it *scared* the church—and the third, "Supremacy of Truth." The three lectures were just grand, but the last was sublime—she beat herself. She drew the largest audience ever got out in this place on any occasion, and it was made up of the best talent, and I am proud to say, she carried by storm,

and held her audiences spell-bound to the end. Her logic and eloquence is in the mouth of the masses, and in answer the churches wince and cry out *prostitute and free-lover*, a fine argument. Yours, etc., WM. C. POTTER.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE MORAL RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

God is a spirit whose centre fills all space:
For His circumference there is no place.
God is a spirit, and matter is His mate,
Laws are their children that declare man's fate.

Spirit and matter occupy all the space we have any knowledge of; or as the materialist may say: electricity, or the life giving principle, and matter fill all space as far as known. Spirit and matter are found together everywhere, and it takes both to make the laws of nature, and to form man and the rose for him to enjoy, and the lion and the lamb for him to destroy.

God is triune. God the spirit father, God the matter mother, and God the laws that exist between the two substances, by which worlds are made and held in their orbits, and vegetables and animals are made on the earth. These two substances and this law are everywhere, so far as our knowledge extends. They are omniscient and omnipresent; not a sparrow falls to the ground without their notice; the hairs of our head are numbered, and not a move takes place that they do not order and superintend. These three make the materialist's God. But where is the personal God? He is not yet found, and there is no use for him unless it is necessary for him to animate spirit and matter, and energise the law by which all worlds and vegetables and animals are made and kept in their places during their appointed time, and it may be through eternity.

A personal God is wholly a creature of the imagination. This being was made by Pagans and Christians and other religionists, from the spirits of men and women who communicated with them, and in their ignorance of the facts, called them Gods. Spiritualists exploded that idea, and proved that it was the work of men and women who had left their bodies on earth, and their spirits were in the land of souls. The materialist raps on the rocks, or looks into the earth, and does not find the living spirit of man, and says it does not exist in an intelligent form outside the body. Spiritualists have proved this to be a mistake by complying with the laws of spirit communion, and getting as intelligent answers to questions as man can give while in the body.

There is no proof that the laws of nature require the energizing power of a personal God, or that there is any such God. Therefore, a personal God is wholly a being of the imagination of man, and *nothing more than the highest idea of perfection and power that each individual can make or conceive*. The Christians made their God of love and truth, and established their religion among the nations by murder, war, and lies.

The members of our conference who were present, thought that Spiritualists should stick to the facts, and not impose any God upon people, nor allow others to impose any God upon them.

Let each make a God to suit himself,
Of gold, or silver, or other self;
Of sun, moon, or stars, as suits them best;
If he bring knowledge he shall be blest,
And be greater far than all the rest.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

REPLY TO A. B. CHURCH, No. 2.

FRIEND CHURCH: You think I doubt the existence of a Supreme being. I do; as I have outgrown belief in idols of any kind. It is all the same to me whether they are called Gods, Joss, Spirit, or by any other name, for the simple reason that the belief has made a human slaughter-house of this world, if so-called sacred or profane history is reliable. One of two things is certain: either the governing powers of the universe are derived from the governed, or not. Organic law says all higher powers are derived from lower ones. Idol worshipers say all is the creation of a Supreme being. Organic law says that action and reaction balance each other, and are the motive power of the universe. Idol worshipers say that cause is supreme over effect, instead of their being convertible. One must be wrong; which is it? You say mind is distinct from matter—always was and always will be. The evidence of that settles the question. I had supposed that each were constituents of the other, and that each

were increased by combination and refinement, or diminished by a reversion of the rule, and have yet to see evidence to the contrary.

You say I believe in no ideas excepting my own. If none but myself believe in organic law, I am alone; otherwise, not. That I am alone in opposition to idol worship may be true on this planet, but that my impressions are derived from sources that have outgrown it, I have no doubt. I was not aware that new discoveries impeded progress, or was discouraging, except to conservators of the past.

And now, as belief in a Supreme being has and does hold absolute control on this planet, please inform me why it does not produce better fruits? and if solids, fluids, and gas are convertible into each other, what logical reason is there why spirit should be an exception to the rule? A distinct answer to these questions will much oblige. J. TINNEY.

Westfield, N. Y., Nov., 1874.

N. B.—I claim that each material world is surrounded by a corresponding spirit world; the two bearing the same relation to each other that the male and female do in their products; that between the two is a constant interchange by birth from each to the other, or so-called birth and death. That worlds, like their products, are graded, and that ours is pretty well down in the scale of being, but on the ascending grade. T.

ROCKFORD, MICH., Nov. 12, 1874.

BRO. WILSON: You call for well authenticated facts—tests in Spiritualism; I herewith send you one that occurred with me, and is well authenticated.

In 1853, I went in spirit to the State of New York, and talked with my brother-in-law, and said to him: I am here with you, and have a real body. My physical body now lies in Michigan, 850 miles from here; but I can't understand how it is. He said to me, "Have you heard the news?" Says I, What news? "Why, Father Stephens is dead. He came here to my house on a visit, was taken sick and died, and is buried; and I have written you a letter, and you will get it in Thursday's mail." When I returned to the physical, I saw the letter in the mail and read it. On returning to my conscious state I told my wife and many of my neighbors of the fact. I got the letter on Thursday, as told me, and everything proved true as told me by my brother-in-law.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM HICKS.

REMARKS.—We know Bro. Hicks, and can vouch for his mediumship, by the test that does not fail us, and we believe this statement of his. Moreover, we have had a similar one, only more pointed, and fully proved. We ask our readers to send us all such tests, and the proof.—ED.

OMRO, WIS., Nov. 11, 1874.

BRO. WILSON: Received your papers all right, and will try and do what I can to get subscribers for you. Distributed papers you sent, and the friends, so far as I can learn, like them very well. Hope you will succeed in establishing firmly, and finally be the means of rooting out that dirty *R.-P. Journal*. It is very close times for money here, but will do what I can for you. I should like to get my card inserted in your paper, but am not able to do it now—hope to soon. Anything you may feel to say about me to help me get before the world, will be thankfully reciprocated. I send you to-day photograph of our hall. We have taken this way to liquidate the debt. You might say in your paper that you donated the handsome sum of twenty-five dollars, and we are still in debt; and any one wishing to aid us, by sending one dollar to Dr. J. C. Phillips, Omro, will receive by return mail a photograph of our hall, with sixty-six members of the society in front. Photograph on plate eight by ten inches.

Best wishes to yourself and family. Will write again soon, and perhaps give something in regard to our society.

Truly yours, DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Nov. 7, 1874.

BRO. WILSON: Your article in the last number, "Our visit to Milwaukee," sets out the situation just fairly, and will do us good. I guess it is the first time Milwaukee has been noticed in this way for years and years and years. Most of the other places have managed to keep up some life, and we will try and not let Milwaukee die down again. I like your *strong* intelligence. Fraternally yours,

E. W. BALDWIN.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

JOHNSON.

To my wife, in Beaver Dam, Wis.

MY DEAR WIFE: You have heard of my coming to this medium once before with a message for you; would you be willing to accept words of peace from me in this way? I feel inclined to try you; hence, send you this.

Now, dear wife, you have been cared for by the church, kindly and well, and I thank them for it. You will say to them, I bless God that I was their pastor; yet, O my dear wife, I did not do as I ought. My whole soul, as you well know, was bound up in our church or creed, and could not feel that others were right. Now, dear, I wish to say that your husband is now in a condition that he can see and know wherein he erred. My darling, I was not a true Christian, for the reason that I was too much bound up in our faith, and I did not realize our condition. Now, darling, I can see how much I lost by not being more liberal toward all. I come to you, my wife, may I come and teach you our faith here? Oh, darling, I am so happy to find you so well cared for, and around you so many kind and generous friends; but O, darling one, remember your husband is with you and the dear little darling, much of his time, trying to make you feel his presence.

My dear, do you remember Mr. Ingram Gould? He was what the world calls a Spiritualist. We deemed his views pernicious and inimical to Christianity, and now I find him of the true faith; he is with me helping me give you this communication. Oh, my dear wife, I feel to thank him for the privilege of coming to you through this medium, for we have to work through conditions and law, and when we understand this law and its conditions fully, we are on the right road; then we can come ourselves, or send messages to our friends.

My friend Gould has done much to help me along in my work of progression here. He was the first one that met me when I passed over, and, taking me by the hand, said, "Come, brother, to our home; you are welcome." I was surprised beyond measure, and could hardly realize that he, a Spiritualist, should be my guide in the realms of bliss, yet such is the case. We are now, with others, working to form a chain of influences or conditions, through which we may work in Beaver Dam, and sometime you shall witness the results. Then, together we will work for those we love. Be of good cheer, darling one, for I am with you. Kiss the loved ones for me, and believe in me, and that this communication is from their father, and your beloved husband, now in spirit life, yet ever near thee.

Your spirit husband, JOHNSON.

PHINEAS EAMES.

MY BROTHER AND SISTER: Please receive my congratulations, as well as thanks for doing so much for my orphaned children. You did not stop to count expenses in caring for them, but came in love and spiritual truth to their father, ministering to his wants, soothing his trouble in his hour of sorrow. Oh, brother and sister, God will reward you—I cannot. No, never was there more kindness of heart and true charity than exercised to me and mine by you.

You are now troubled about keeping them in school. I would suggest that you sell the land, thus obtaining means to keep them in school until they are able to sustain themselves. They are in a good home, and should appreciate it more than they do; yet they are children, and you will take this into consideration. O, brother mine, will you not see to it, and keep them in school until their education is finished. I feel that you will do all in your power for their good it is possible for you to do. O, will you heed this request? My sister is not as able to do as you are, but will coincide and work with you.

I know my request will put you to considerable trouble, and yet I feel that you will do it. Oh, my heart is full, too full to give full utterance to all I wish to say, yet, my truest friend, you can feel my thoughts. I will be with you in spirit, and trust soon to be with you in form. I have been studying the law of materialization, and intend to walk with you in your material home. Mother is with me, and says, "Yes, we are all coming to try the experiment soon."

At 9 o'clock last night you felt you had too great a burden on your hands. We saw this, and trembled lest you should determine to drop the further education of my children, and we

felt how little you were understood by those around you. But we understand you, and will stand by you. Now, brother, your circle of friends in spirit life will not let you fall. I am going soon to materialize, and will then talk to you face to face. I see clouds, but they will break away and then the light will come. Oh, such light as you will receive, and be able to give the world, which will bring many into this beautiful belief, your knowledge of the soul world.

Your burden is heavy; you work hard; it is too heavy for you to carry. But remember your life here will be the brighter for it—for all you do for humanity. We are going to teach our sister Mary these mysteries. She is competent, and will be a help indeed, and you will wonder at what she will do, saying, "I could not have kept on, had I not been helped and cheered on by her." You are soon to see the burden of your trials fall at your feet. The cross will soon be lifted from your shoulders, and you will reap that which we have often told you—an abundant harvest of thought and mental wealth. Many are now feeling, "O, that I had not listened to these slanderous reports in regard to you," and surely turning toward you for help and counsel in the coming struggle, saying, "We will now stand by him and aid him in his mighty work." Your circle of spirit helpers are always with you, and will stand by you to the end—you will not fail.

Brother, I shall try to come before you soon in full form—may not succeed, but will try. Will you reflect on what I have told you? Please do and relieve sister of the burden of responsibility. She is too feeble, besides we have other work for her to do. I want you to go to the home of my affliction, the scene of my burning, and I will go with you, and there impress you what to do.

Mother, and all the dear ones in spirit life, send love. PHINEAS EAMES.

October 21, 1874.

REMARKS.—The above communication is literally true. On the evening of October 20th, I seriously meditated taking Mr. Eames' daughters out of school and letting them earn their living hereafter, as it is a serious expense on my hands of \$400 or \$500 per annum. On Wednesday evening, the 21st, this communication was written through the hands of Wakefield, twenty odd miles from where I was. Truly, our every thought, as well as our acts, are seen and understood. Our angel friends are with us. God is good.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

We stood before a charming picture of a little girl; her mother stood near. While admiring the beautiful face, we heard the little one whisper, "Tell mamma that Birdie is here, and love mamma and dear papa always." We turned to the mother and repeated Birdie's whispered words of comfort, saying, The original of this picture is an angel now.

"Yes," replied the mother, "Birdie is an angel now, and often comforts me in the cares of life. I know my darling lives, and I bless God for this knowledge." And so do we, in our soul of souls, bless God for this knowledge.

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Twing Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

THOUGHTS FROM VIOLET.

Over the hills and through the wood,
I have wandered for many a day;
I have slept under and over the leaves for many a night.
Now I have come to give you my name,
Mamma's darling, William Wilson;
I lived in New York, and on the 13th of last May I passed away.
I cannot write much more,
Having never been here before;
I will come again soon.
And write sweet words in song.
WILLIAM WILSON.

The above words were printed by a little girl on a scrap of paper one day, and when asked, "What are you doing?" she replied, "I am printing what this little boy is telling me." There was no little boy near her at the time. Other strange thoughts have been given by this little girl.

Here is another. Up early one frosty morning, our little Violet exclaimed:

"Good morning, Jack Frost,
How prodigal you are,
Scattering your sugar,
With careless hand everywhere."

Children are always near God, and ever full of his loving nature. They are natural worshippers.

One day Violet was looking up into an apple tree heavily laden with fruit, when she said:

Pa, would these apples be half as good
If they grew wild in yonder wood?
And are not these gifts from God,
Sacred mementoes of His word?

Yes, my child, they are, and each tiny twig gives thanks for His loving care; and we, His children, are placed here in care of these beautiful things.

We shall watch the unfolding mind of Violet with loving care.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

What meaneth it? Let each soul inquire, *Am I at work?* Search into your soul's inmost depths, and see and know thy work. Wake up, slumbering souls, and work indeed. Work! work!! With a will and with the spirit of work know thyself first, and establish thine own individuality.

This will require constant application of thy soul force. And think, if each and every soul was engaged in this work, what time would there be for much that is now going on in your midst.

Discord, inharmony, bitterness and strife prevail. Many are striving to build themselves up by putting others down. Arouse yourselves; shake off all this slothfulness and do your own soul work, and in doing it, in realizing the magnitude of this work, all else will seem as a grain of sand in the mighty ocean. Understand yourselves, your relations to, and connection with life forces; place yourself in rapport with nature's law, and know from whence cometh man and whither he goeth.

This is your life study and your work on earth; pursue and carry it on in earnest; encourage all to commence the work of redemption with themselves.

Look not around to cavil and find fault with your brother man; lift up yourselves and draw others with you. Call not yourself a Spiritualist unless you are one in spirit, and carrying on this work, proving yourself worthy of the name indeed. And, above all, let us work together to solve the problem of life. We are with you as workers, and will, with you, carry on our work, unfinished while on earth; but now, seeing clearer and understanding better what our work was, come to you to assist and aid, and in doing so, prepare ourselves for a higher work here.

O, friends, our co-workers, faint not by the way; though dark and stormy at times, the light will follow the darkness; the calm the storm; and by working out the problem of your soul life, soon thought will come into rapport

with the divine law, and the brightness of noonday will burst upon you, and all else will seem as naught, the kingdom of Heaven being within you. Then work, work out your salvation, with fear and trembling, and a savior be unto yourselves.

A Worker with you of the Independent Order of Progress in Spirit Life.

September, 1874.

OCTOBER 25th, 1874.

Dear Home Circle:—I heard Sister Colby this morning, at Grow's Opera Hall, and before retiring this evening the following was written through my hand: WAKEFIELD.

DEAR MADAM: You heard a good lecture this morning, and I am going to give you a lesson on prosperity. Dr. R. is not quite ready to control you, so I am to have my say. I am exceedingly pleased that you heard this discourse. You received some spiritual food, meet to work on, and you will be the better for it. You made more than you paid out in the counsel you received; hence, never think of what you must pay, but go forward and do your duty, and the means shall be provided. The Dr. is here. Good night. LINCOLN.

Another influence came over me after Lincoln left, and the following was written:

DEAR SISTER: Do you feel like writing a sermon? If so, I will give you one. My subject shall be "Money, the Root of all Evil." The lecture you listened to this forenoon was on "Science and Theology." Let mine be "Money."

Man takes the ground that the object of money is to make money. Granted; but should it follow that none should be used for the benefit of the soul? Far from it. I believe that we are placed in this world to live, to work, to propound thought, as well as to eat, drink and make money. Hence, money is to use for whatever we need.

Therefore, money is given us for the good it may do humanity. It should be used to advance the growth of ideas, and anything else that will inspire us to live right, to do good to others. You must remember you are here on the earth plane to prepare for your home in the spheres, and when you come to the spirit world you will fully understand the force of this truth.

You may think it strange that I chose this subject for my text, but you would not if you could see, as I do, the wants of the many who have not the wherewith to sustain the body, let alone the soul's need.

My friend and sister, will you not think of this; think what a curse money will be to you have to regret you did not do good with it, when in your power so to do. Oh, I would implore you to think well of this, and do not let suffering humanity starve for this soul need. Sister, you will now understand that we do see, do know, the wants of many that would be glad to improve and learn the lessons of life unto life, if only the way could be opened unto them. Means are required to furnish this bread of life.

Oh, let the soul's need be felt. You that have heard me speak on this subject when in earth life, listen to my soul thoughts; be liberal, and out of your abundance give, that others may learn the way unto life, and be wise; that they may be fed with that heavenly manna from above. God and the angels help you to do right with the wealth you possess, and may you reap an abundant harvest of the soul. Amen and amen.

PARKER.

DANIEL MERRICK.

My name is Daniel Merrick. I fell from a scaffold, in Baltimore, Md. It was on Franklin street. The building was a school house. I have a wife and three children, two boys and a girl, the eldest nine years old. My wife's name, Jane. I want her to know of some money in the savings bank which she does not know of. Also, of some accounts due me she ought to collect. I was to blame for not telling her of my business, and am now suffering the penalty. This is all I can say now. Please write to my wife. I will come to her at home as soon as she can call me. I was killed on the third of August. DANIEL MERRICK.

[The medium was not sure that the first name was Daniel or Donald. These communications are usually spoken to the medium in a distinct and clear voice, sometimes on the street, again at home. This communication was given on the 7th of August.—ED.]

Saws and Straws.

Clara Morris dotes on pet pups.

Disraeli and the gout are fighting each other.

Darwin is a man of whom it may be said, "He never wept."

The Ann Arbor students are called a "whooping crowd" by the citizens.

A compositor on a St. Louis paper made an editor say that "this war-cry is the key-hole of victory."

Woman's inhumanity to woman is exemplified by the way one of them sits in a street car while another is standing up.

Queen Charlotte, wife of the king of the Friendly Islands, is a Methodist class leader. The king is a licensed local preacher of the same denomination.

A man who respects his wife and family will never tell a lie when any one asks him how he got that scar on his face, but will explain how "a stick of wood flew up, you know."

A little boy having broken his rocking horse the day it was purchased, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "what is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

"Mamma," said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

Mr. Greeley did not invent the phrase "Go West," as is generally supposed. The original of the remark was when Ruth said (many years B. C.): "Where thou go West I will go."

A little girl in Paris who was playing with a toy balloon drew in her breath while inflating it, and the collapsed balloon went down her throat and choked her to death.

"Do you believe in the Apostolic succession?" inquired one of Sidney Smith. "I do," he replied; "and my faith in that dogma dates from the day I became acquainted with the Bishop of —, who is so like Judas."

An exchange says: "Years ago they claimed that a Christian who owned a race-horse couldn't go to heaven, but now the Rev. Murray is allowed to own seven, and nobody says a word."

An excellent old deacon, who, having won an old turkey at a charity raffle, did not like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the fowl, that the Shakers gave it to him.

A "big-Indian" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he asked if he was lost. "No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost!" Striking his breast, he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

A smart little boy in New Orleans was reproved by his mother for telling a fib. He insisted it was only in fun, but his pious mother told him he must ask divine pardon. So the good little boy kneeled down and said, "O, Lord, forgive me. I wouldn't have done it only I thought you could take a joke."

"Never bet on a horse race, my son. It is wrong to bet, and besides, the horse that ought to win is likely, in nine out of ten cases, to be jockeyed to the rear. Do not bet at all, my son; but if you bet on horses, get acquainted with the riders in advance of the contest, and see how the thing is coming out."

"What is love, Nannie?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its spiritual sense. "Hoot, fye, sir!" answered Nannie, blushing to the e'en-holes, "dinna ask me sic a daftlike question; I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

"How much is yer stick candy?" enquired a boy of a candy dealer, on Tuesday. "Six sticks for five cents." "Six sticks fer five cents, eh? Now lem'me see, six sticks fer five cents, five fer four cents, four fer three cents, three fer two cents, two fer one cent, one fer nothin'. I'll take one," and he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment, which lasted three days.

In a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question: "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars. Father sold one for sixty dollars, the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

Sidney Smith was once visiting the conservatory of a young lady who was proud of her flowers, and used (not very accurately) a profusion of botanical names. "Madame," said he, "have you the Septennis psoriasis?" "No," she said, very innocently, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it came out beautiful in the spring." Septennis psoriasis is the medical name for the seven years' itch.

What did Noah's bees do while afloat? They kept the Arc-hives.

WHAT SHE SAW.—A young lady in a Pennsylvania town put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the happy belief that she would dream of seeing her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of ice cream, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes, and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dream.

ABOUT RIGHT.—The Master's written instructions to John Wright to spell write right: "I hold a right to write to you, John Wright, that you do not write *write* right when you write it *wright*. You must not write *write wright*, neither must you write it *right*—nor even must you write it *rite*. To write *write* right, you must write it *write*. If you are a good wright, you will write *write wright*, which will be right; so, if you wish to write the word *rite* right, you must neither write it *right*, *wright* nor *wright*. The sense is known by spelling right—I will give you an example. John Wright: I *wright*, you are *right*, he is a *wright*, we have a *right*, they have a *rite*. I have here spelt all right. Now, John Wright, write *rite* right."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will hold their Ninth Annual Convention at Stuart's Hall, Battle Creek, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, December 11, 12 and 13, 1874, commencing on Friday at 5 o'clock P. M. Good speakers will be in attendance. Let us have a general rally of all Spiritualists throughout the State. All speakers and mediums generally, are cordially invited to be present.

MRS. L. E. BAILEY, Secretary.
E. C. MANCHESTER, President.
Battle Creek, Nov. 11, 1874.

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